

COMMENT OF
THE DAY

Security Report

ANYONE expecting a sensational report by the committee of Privy Counsellors set up to investigate the British civil service security system must now be suffering a acute disappointment. Nothing could be more moderate in tone, or more soothing in judgment.

The committee reaches one comforting conclusion — comforting at least for those whose duty it is to safeguard the security of the civil service; it is that "nothing is organically wrong or unsound with existing security arrangements." The reassurance can be accepted, though some will hold a mental reservation about the effectiveness of the system when they recall how poorly it functioned in the case of Burgess and Maclean.

No matter how watertight and foolproof the security system be on paper, the hurtful truth remains that there was much slothfulness in the security handling of Burgess and Maclean. This is tacitly admitted by the Privy Counsellors by virtue of their recommendation that "steps must be taken to see that secret information is not handled by anyone who, for ideological or other motives, may betray it."

THE committee, in its recommendations, lays stress on the necessity of identifying Communists and Communist sympathisers within the civil service who, because of their predilections, are susceptible to Communist pressure and therefore a danger to security. That is, of course, a proper safeguard to adopt. Burgess and Maclean provide a striking example.

But a person can become a security risk for reasons other than possessing an ideology incompatible with his official employment. Burgess and Maclean possessed moral deficiencies which also made them susceptible to pressure from Communist agents.

The rectitude of a person is not to be judged wholly by the purity of his politics, should he profess any. His behaviour both in and out of office must be a fundamental consideration, and must, more than ever before, come under the close scrutiny of the security service.

RIOTS IN SALONICA FOLLOW PRELATE'S DEPORTATION
EXILE FOR MAKARIOS
IN SEYCHELLES

Greek Regency
Council Meets

Nicosia, Mar. 9.

Reliable sources reported tonight that Archbishop Makarios is being exiled to the Seychelles Islands in the Indian Ocean.

Makarios and three other Greek Orthodox Churchmen were arrested and deported today as the Governor, Field Marshal Sir John Harding, cracked down on union-with-Greece leaders.

Makarios was put aboard a Royal Air Force transport as he arrived at the airport here for a flight to Greece. The plane was scheduled to make its first stop at Aden on the southwest tip of the Arabian peninsula, sources here said.

The Government would not say where Makarios was taken.

Thirty persons were reported to have been injured in Salonica

tonight when police clashed with demonstrators protesting against the arrest by the British of Archbishop Makarios of Cyprus.

The crowd finally was dispersed. Small groups of demonstrators roamed the streets of Salonica shouting anti-British slogans.

A large crowd had already gathered at the Athens airport this afternoon to welcome Archbishop Makarios when word was received of his arrest by the British at Nicosia.

Students jammed buses returning to town, shouting "Down with Britain." Motor-cyclists were assigned to escort the vehicles back to prevent violent demonstrations.

There was no immediate official reaction, but it was learned that a meeting of the Regency Council of Ministers has been called for tonight, and that attempts were being made, without results thus far, to telephone the Greek Consulate at Nicosia.

Heavy police patrols were assigned to Athens streets and the approaches to the airport were closed to all except those on official business. Guards were posted outside the British and American Embassies.

United Press.

NICOSIA MOURNING

Cyprus, Mar. 9.
All entertainment spots in Nicosia were shut tonight as a sign of national mourning of the deportation today of Archbishop Makarios, leader of the British colony's union with Greece movement.

Neon lights in fashionable Metaxas Square were dimmed and the streets deserted.

Terrorists flung a bomb at a security forces patrol outside a local cabaret in Famagusta tonight and slightly injured one of the patrol.

At Kathikis village, ten miles north of Famagusta, a bomb was thrown at an army patrol but exploded harmlessly.

China Mail
Feature
Highlights

Here are some of the highlights in today's feature section:

P. 5: The man who made murder his business, by Florence Kilpatrick. The "Giles" boy writes from Las Palmas.

P. 6: The George Shearing story, by Russell Howe.

P. 7: George Whiting's "star of sport" this week is Jaroslav Drobný.

France bids up the cold war against "The Rock".

P. 8: The amazing seven-octave voice of Jennifer Johnson.

P. 13: T. E. B. Clarke, script-writer of "Passport to Pimlico" is taking his passport to Hollywood, discovering America as he goes.

The Bride Did
Not Attend

Kuala Lumpur, Mar. 9.

The beautiful dark-haired Tunku (princess) Dahiyah of Negri Sembilan was married tonight to a handsome Malay prince, but did not attend her own wedding ceremony.

According to Malayan custom the Crown Prince of Kedah took the wedding vows before a Moslem priest and his representatives presented a token dowry of £120 to his bride's family.

The 24-year-old prince arrived today in a gleaming yellow Rolls Royce to take part in four days of celebrating.

The most spectacular ceremony of all will commence on Sunday when the young couple will sit in state before a gathering of Malayan dignitaries in glittering robes of state, and British officials led by the High Commissioner, Sir Donald Macgillivray.

It is the first time in Negri Sembilan's long history that a royal princess has married outside her state.

The couple met in England where both were university students.

—Reuter.

STOP PRESS

GREEK ENVOY
RECALLED

Athens, Mar. 9.

The Greek Foreign Minister, Mr. Spiros Triantafyllidis, announced tonight that the Greek Ambassador to London, Mr. Moustakas, had been recalled.

—Reuter.

VIOLENT TUNIS
ANTI-AMERICAN
DEMONSTRATION

Tunis, Mar. 9.

French settlers stormed the offices of the US Consulate-General and wrecked the quarters of the American Information Service in riotous anti-American demonstrations here today.

Officials reported that one Frenchman was fatally wounded by gunfire when the rioters broke into a nationalist newspaper office. Two newspaper employees were beaten severely.

French Army units moved in tonight and took up positions at key points in the city. The troops and police used tear gas to disperse the rioters.

The angry mob, rioting over what they charged was American interference in French-Tunisian affairs, trapped American Vice-Consul George Mailpoux, his wife and their son in the building, but did not harm them, an official said.

Chanting the Marseilles, the rioters surged through five offices in the Consulate, ripping open drawers and files and tearing up official documents. More than 100 of the demonstrators rampaged through the building while hundreds of others milled about outside.

The mob then moved on to smash the US Information Service's office in the European quarter of the city.

PLANT PILLAGED

Continuing their destructive march through the city, the mob broke into and pillaged the plant of a newspaper published by a member of the nationalist Neo-Destour Party.

The rioting was ignited by the burial ceremonies for two French brothers assassinated by native rebels. A crowd of more than 10,000 French settlers attended the services.

French High Commissioner Roger Seydoux also attended. Members of the crowd turned on him when he attempted to leave. The rioters massed around his car, angrily protesting against what they charged was France's failure to protect their interests in Tunisia. Mr. Seydoux finally drove away under a barrage of stones.

YOUNG FRENCHMEN

Most of the demonstrators were young Frenchmen. They were joined by others and marched into Tunis behind a French flag to vent their wrath on the United States property.

The rioters stopped momentarily at the monument to the dead before moving on to the US Consulate. They battered down the door and stormed through the building.

From the Consulate they surged toward the Information office, stopping to pillage the offices of the newspaper Tunis Soir.

Officials said two Moslem workers were badly beaten by the mob, after one rioter was shot and wounded.

—United Press.

Truman For Britain

Washington, Mar. 9.

Former President Truman and his wife are to visit Britain and Europe in May, the Democratic National Committee announced today.

—Reuter.

Stassen Supports...
Relaxation
Of Trade
Controls

Washington, Mar. 9.

Mr. Harold Stassen, former United States Foreign Aid Director, today defended relaxation of strategic controls on East-West trade as "the best advantage of the United States and the free world."

Mr. Stassen, now President Eisenhower's special assistant on disarmament, read a prepared statement which argued that a fifteen-nation agreement to relax strategic trade embargoes in 1954 was "the best package arrangement obtainable" in the face of growing insistence from European countries.

Deplores Statement

Senator John McClellan (Democrat, Arkansas), the committee's chairman, commented immediately that Mr. Stassen's statement "confirms that some of our allies are more interested in trade and commerce than in preserving peace and security."

This moved Mr. Stassen to protest "I am very sorry to hear you make such a statement. The peace of the world depends upon the solidarity of our allies."

McCarthy's Query

Highpoint of the exchanges between Mr. Stassen and Senator Joseph McCarthy (Republican, Wisconsin) was when the Senator demanded: "Do you think it was a net gain to the security of the United States to take 77 machine tools off the embargoed list?"

Mr. Stassen replied: "When the alternative was the breakup of the entire control system, yes."

He contended that it was a Communist objective to split up and divide the free world.

—Reuter.

STRANGLED BY
JACKET

Abil, France, Mar. 9.

The police said here today that Louis Capcu, 25, a truck driver, was strangled to death accidentally by his jacket last night.

—France-Press.

TODAY'S RACING
SELECTIONS

By "Rapier"
RACE 1

Mourne
Anapola
V. 1. 2
Outsider:—Zerimar.

RACE 2

Invincible
Gay Sire
Orange Beauty
Outsider:—Souvenir.

RACE 3

First Lady
Quizette
Rowanglen
Outsider:—Turf Heroine.

RACE 4

Night People
Silver Wing
Jingle Bell
Outsider:—Bonita.

RACE 5

Gallant Knight
Matador
Ironside
Outsider:—Cover Girl.

RACE 6

Old Tyre
Flaming Wheel
Full Ahead
Outsider:—Geronimo.

RACE 7

Amusement
Sultan
Flying Dutchman
Outsider:—Emperor Delight.

RACE 8

Boyne
Dilkoosh
Green Velvet
Outsider:—Ben Lawers.

RACE 9

Turnbloomed
Serabo
Festival View
Outsider:—Full-of-Spirit.

RACE 10

Beautiful Phoenix
Fieldmaster
Diamond Dahlia
Outsider:—Flora.

By "The Turf"
RACE 1

Anapola
Mourne
Tune-Phone
Outsider:—Zerimar.

RACE 2

Ma Cherie
Gay Sire
Invincible
Outsider:—Hawain Moon.

RACE 3

First Lady
Quizette
Turf Heroine
Outsider:—Eros.

RACE 4

Night People
Silver Wing
Jingle Bell
Outsider:—Golden Branch.

RACE 5

Gallant Knight
New Love
Comet
Outsider:—Our Pride.

RACE 6

Old Tyre
Corvette
Anna
Outsider:—Full Ahead.

RACE 7

Amusement
Flying Dutchman
Emperor Delight
Outsider:—Sultan.

RACE 8

Boyne
Dilkoosh
Green Velvet
Outsider:—Laddie.

RACE 9

Three Cheers
Turnbloomed
Donna Maria
Outsider:—Calamity.

RACE 10

Diamond Dahlia
Treasureland
Beautiful Phoenix
Outsider:—Flora.

TODAY'S TEASER TIP

for the last race
Let it be hoped, like his wife,
he will be beyond reproach

The teaser tip for the last meeting was Nicosian, but the pony was withdrawn from the race.

OFF-COURSE CASH BETTING
IN ENGLAND LIKELY

London, Mar. 9.
Off-course cash betting on horse races will soon be introduced in Britain, the Government told the House of Commons today.

Mr. W. F. Deedes, Parliamentary Secretary to the Home Office, in making the announcement, said that the innovation would be made as soon as the country's betting laws could be changed.

At the present time, it is an offence to place a cash bet on a race — only credit betting being allowed.

The changes will follow the proposals of a royal commission which studied the gambling laws five years ago. Cash bets will be allowed by post and betting offices will be set up. The Government's decision to allow betting shops, is bound to cause controversy. Many people, especially those connected with the church, oppose any government action which can be construed as giving official sanction to gambling in any form. —China Mail Special.

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A WONDERFUL GIRL and the
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STARRING **STEVE ALLEN** · **DONNA REED**
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A UNIVERSAL INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

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A Variety Programme of
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Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50

PRINCESS

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SPECIAL MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT 12.30
John Payne in **"CROSSWINDS"** Paramount Technicolor film

FILMS

Current & Coming

BY JANE ROBERTS

The New Films At A Glance

SHOWING

HOOVER and LIBERTY: "The Son of Caroline Cherie". The son of the famous lady gets involved in Spain under the rule of Napoleon's brother Joseph. A French picture starring Jean-Claude Pascal and Brigitte Bardot.

KING'S and PRINCESS: "The Benny Goodman Story". There are many big jazz names in this story featuring the highlights in the career of the clarinet player and band leader. Steve Allen and Donna Reed, with Gene Krupa, Fletcher Henderson and other musicians playing themselves.

NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "Simon and Laura". A sophisticated British comedy that pokes fun at television. Peter Finch, Kay Kendall, Maurice Denham and Muriel Paylow.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "Picnic". A husky young man comes to a small town and has all the females drooling over him. William Holden, Kim Novak and Betty Field. **ROXY and BROADWAY:** "Montmartre Nights". Crime and detection set against a background of Parisian night life. Jean-Marc Thibault, Louis Seigner and Genevieve Kervine.

COMING

HOOVER and LIBERTY: "Trial". A courtroom drama in which an innocent boy is exploited for political purposes. Glenn Ford, Dorothy McGuire, Arthur Kennedy and John Hodiak.

KING'S and PRINCESS: "Female On the Beach". Joan Crawford is almost constantly before the camera once again as she struggles against the rugged charms of Jeff Chandler. With Cecil Kellaway and Jan Sterling.

NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "The Yellow Tomahawk". A western. Rory Calhoun and Peggie Castle.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "The Blue Continent". A fascinating documentary filmed almost entirely below the waters of the Red Sea.

ROXY and BROADWAY: "The Lieutenant Wore Skirts". Who goes back into the Army and husband has a hard time trying to be near her. Sherree North and Tom Ewell.

familiar symbols used, loses its sincerity in the meantime. "Picnic" tries to show that the obvious mode of conduct—the "right thing" is not always the one productive of the most happiness for the majority of people involved.

On the face of it, the pretty but dumb daughter of a respectable but disillusioned mother should consider herself extremely lucky to have won the attention of the rich and presentable son of one of the town's leading citizens.

However, although she drifts aimlessly about, apparently contributing nothing to the work of the household, (nicked single-handedly by her mother) we feel a certain amount of sympathy for her semi-martinet mother, who is merely being a pretty thing, exposed to marry a boy who doesn't love her, but the amount of brain she exhibits, however, it still isn't clear to me how she could know, after two days, that the penniless, beautiful hobo, played by William Holden, is more her meat.

A Part Too Small

Holden's role is fairly like M. J. Anderson's in "A Streetcar Named Desire", though he is made to appear far less confident, less brutal and less selfish. I'm afraid though, that for the first time, William Holden has found a part that is too big for him. Or perhaps—too small would be better. He is called upon to be a brainless, bragging college football hero, who while trying to better himself, is at heart, a drifter. He has been in and out of trouble all his life. It transpires, but this doesn't prevent most of the females of the town into which he has ridden as a hobo, from being very much aware of him.

A spinster schoolmistress, played by Rosalind Russell, makes her interest in him very obvious at the Labour Day Fair and with everyone's subconscious frustration coming to the surface, after a day of sitting themselves out, there is a real piece of small town emotion that made me go hot and cold with embarrassment.

This is an emotional picture, but the emotion is handled with restraint and with each of the characters falling to a greater and lesser degree short of perfection, it is impossible not to feel sympathy for each of them.

Don't Miss This

Should "The Blue Continent" appear at the Queen's and Alhambra before this column comes out next week, do let me urge you not to miss it. It's an underwater "Living Desert", beautifully photographed and in spite of its documentary style, absorbingly interesting.

WATCH FOR IT!!

SAMUEL GOLDWYN'S
Picture of the Year



in Color and CINEMASCOPE
and Samuel Goldwyn
will appear in person

Time Fuse

There is no doubt about the explosive quality of "Picnic", even though the fuse takes a long time to become really alight. When it does, however, the tenseness of waiting for the big bang that is inevitable becomes almost unbearable.

It is a really sincere effort to deal unselfishly with a sentimental subject. Instead of presenting the details in the conventional manner, that, while being more intelligible to a wide audience because of the

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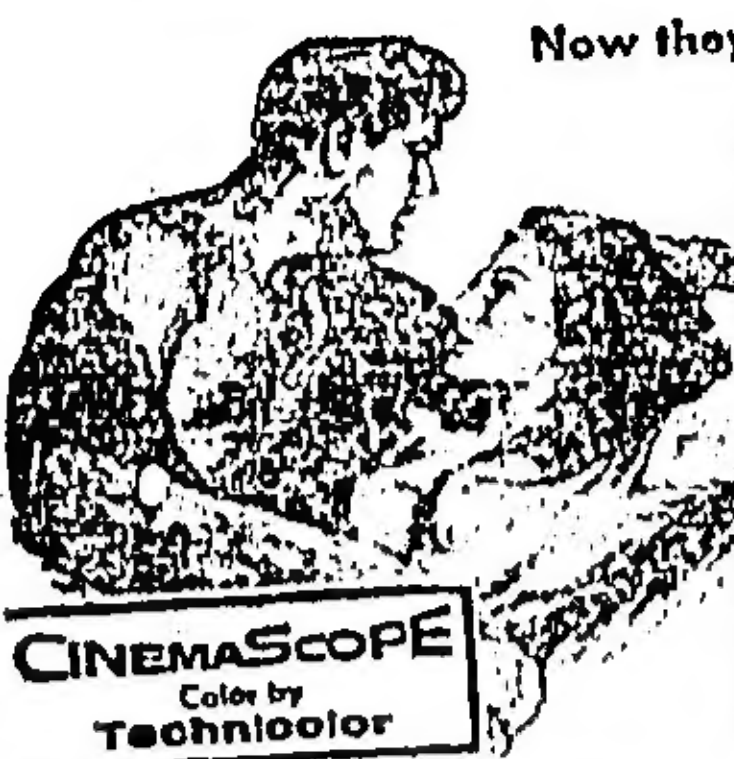
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SUNDAY MATINEE AT 12.30 P.M.

NEW YORK: Walt Disney Technicolor Cartoons

GREAT WORLD: Fox Colour Cartoons.

THE LINDEN PLAYERS

NEXT

MONDAY
TUESDAY
WEDNESDAY

PRESENT

DESERT HIGHWAY

J. B. PRIESTLEY

MISSIONS TO SEAMEN

8.30 p.m.

BOOKINGS AT MOUTRIES.

Shum's Circus

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Adults 20 cts.

Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

SHIRLEY TELLS OF HER STRANGE LOVER

Shirley Hitchings, a 15-year-old girl from South London submitted to a seance which, she claimed, led her from a "ghostly lover". Here is her own story of the strange three-week romance.

London. It all started after I went to bed one night three weeks ago. I remember the date because it was the same day that I brought the boots I'm wearing.

I must have been in bed for 10 minutes when I felt someone near me. It was a strange sensation, and it frightened me. Then the tapping began, and all of a sudden I knew it was time to talk to me.

At first I was amazed. My father came running, and he heard the tapping too.

Knocking Code

Then I realised there was something to be afraid of. It was a feeling of love and not fear, that surrounded Donald. That's his name. He spelled it out for me and I told him he came from New Zealand.

My first impression of him was just this: "I don't know."



SHIRLEY HITCHINGS

It was two days for me to get used to him. I don't know. But the age of 15, I would point to letters on a piece of paper and Donald would tap with his foot to the right one.

It was great fun having a ghost for a boy friend after I got used to it. But it got kind of complicated when he started throwing furniture around.

He Threw A Clock

That was too much for dad. It was bad enough for him, trying to get some sleep with all that tapping going on. But the furniture was the limit.

Maybe it was the crucifix. Granny put it on the floor in her bedroom. Donald was very angry.

He sometimes moved furniture around before. But this time he threw a clock and some other things.

I went to the seance hoping that nothing would happen. But a girl, and I'm glad.

I felt my mind go clear as Donald left. I'm as happy as can be. I feel so different now. —United Press.

ONE THING SHE CAN DO BETTER THAN HE CAN

Chicago. Women tolerate high blood pressure better than men, a specialist said.

Dr. Franklin A. Kyser, addressing the Chicago Medical Society's Clinical Conference, said the outlook for the "hypertensive patient" is more encouraging than ever before.

"Frequently, mild sedatives, weight reduction or removal of stressful situations is all that is required," he said. Dr. Kyser said older patients require less vigorous treatment than younger individuals.

He said present-day therapy is based on the concept that certain persons are born with the hereditary tendency to react to environmental or emotional stress by spasm of the blood vessels.

"This spasm," he said, "is initiated by impulses travelling through the sympathetic nervous system and involves most of the major organs, including the brain, retina, heart and kidneys." —United Press.

From Paris: An Eight-year-old Finds From London: What Happens Inside Your Body When You Drink Too Much: A New Film Is Being Made To Show People All Over The World.

From Vancouver: Scientists Are From Chicago: Women Tolerate High Blood Pressure Better Than Men That's What The Experts Say.

Chimps Have That Trouble Too

Buenos Aires. A four-foot chimpanzee broke out of his cage, fled along a fashionable Buenos Aires street pursued by his two owners, climbed to the seventh story of an unfinished apartment building, knocked down an electrician, and hid in a clothes closet.

Zoo officials who took him back to his cage said the chimpanzee's owners had sent him into a fit of rage.

Women screamed and one fainted when the chimpanzee, Francisco, dashed through the Palermo district with his owners, a child and a child close behind.

Heba and Chita were captured without much trouble. —China Mail Special.

KEEPING THOSE ARTERIES SOFT

Vancouver. A University of British Columbia research scientist is working to perfect a medicine he hopes will stop hardening of the arteries.

Dr. Paul Constantinescu said his experiments on rabbits has resulted in the discovery of a chemical which not only arrests the hardening of the arteries, but also appears to cure the disease.

However, he said he did not expect to start experimenting with the chemical on humans for quite a while. "This may take three or four more years," he said.

Dr. Constantinescu and his research associates said hardening of the arteries was induced in rabbits by artificially raising the cholesterol blood fat ratio in the blood.

The rabbits were then treated with both natural and synthetic polysaccharides, and studies would have to be made on possible poisonous side effects when treatment is applied to humans. —United Press.

Dog Makes Gallant Fire Rescue

Canterbury, N.Z. A sheepdog raced through a ring of fire and drove 200 frightened sheep to safety on a farm in the Gables Valley.

The fire, roaring across tinder-dry scrub and grass, had completely encircled the flock. Driven by the dog at high speed among the flames, they escaped uninjured. —China Mail Special.

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"If you're all fed up with these cigars, why not marry me right now? I don't smoke!"

'THEY BREAK IN MY EYES'—MINOU, AGED 8

Babe Among The Best-Sellers

Paris. Golden-haired Minou Drouet, the only poet in the world whose work regularly lands on front pages, has settled down from a figure of national controversy to one of France's most widely-admired and best-selling authors—at the age of eight.

Publisher Rene Julliard announced that a first, 20,000-volume printing of her poems was sold out in the record time of three weeks. A second printing was ordered immediately.

The announcement was greeted with "bravo" by French critics—many of whom had called the child prodigy "a fair" or "the big-best literary hoax of the century" only a short while ago.

Going Overseas

M. Julliard also announced that the volume "Arbre, Mon Ami" (Tree, My Friend), will be published in Japan shortly and that negotiations were underway to publish the tender little poems of angel-faced Minou in Britain, the United States and a dozen other countries.

For Minou, a once near-blind orphan who "couldn't help but start writing about an entirely new world of colour and movement" after an operation restored her eyesight two years ago, this was a triumph surpassing all expectations.

At the end of last year, a national controversy, at almost overshadowed developments in French politics and in North Africa, was raging over the question whether Minou was really the author of her amazing little poems and such epigrams as: "This is the great folly of grown-ups—wanting what lasts, wanting to last. Only two things last—shoes too small, and foolishness."

Back To Dolls? No!

Many suspected the author—or co-author, at least—was her foster mother, 40-year-old Mme. Claude Drouet, who kept the child in almost total seclusion in a fishing village on the Brittany coast.

The critics were in an uproar, writer Michel de Saint-Pierre, after reading some of the little girl's observations on love and "sin, this perfumed velvet," stuck the keynote with a thunderous: "Minou, back to your dolls."

But Minou wouldn't go back to her dolls. "I won't play with things dead," she said and went on writing those



Minou Drouet

intriguing poems that threw French headline writers into a pencil-chewing dither. The turning point came last month when M. Julliard decided to present Minou to the public.

She appeared in some of Paris's most snobbish literary salons and at movie premieres where she stole the spotlight from the stars and charmed her critics.

"This phenomenon needs reassessment," admitted M. Saint-Pierre.

Her formal recognition came when she successfully passed the tough exam. of France's venerated Society of Authors, Composers and Music Editors to become the Society's youngest member.

Locked into a room, she had to write a poem on a given subject within half an hour. She passed the test with flying colours—with a 37-line poem on the "Paris Sky" that "deeply moved" a jury of leading writers.

Today she has returned to the fishing village of Poulguen,

where she divides her time between private tuition play with her cats, piano lessons—and writing poems for her next book which may appear in a year.

"Yesterday, three old bearded gentlemen came to see me," she recently wrote to a friend. "Each walked in with his beard. They asked me: Can you make Alexandrines? They are verses which need 12 feet to stand on."

"I thought sadly: first, you don't make verses. A cloud passes, something rushes out. You have nothing to do with it, the cloud is responsible. And then, well, my verses don't have feet, they have wings."

And with that, Minou may have gone for another push out along the sandy beach near her home, returning with another of her winged little poems. Like this one: The waves don't break on the beach.

They break in my eyes in my ears. On my heart. —United Press.

Vancouver's Problem—Getting Rid Of Ashes

Vancouver, B.C.

The problem of what to do with the unclaimed ashes of cremated bodies is beginning to worry managers of large crematoriums and funeral homes.

Managers said cremations are increasing in popularity, but in 50 per cent of the cases, next-of-kin leave the ashes unclaimed.

One Victoria funeral home reported some remains have been stored there since 1912.

One of the funeral homes stores the ashes in a "fire-proof" vault as part of its service, but some funeral homes make a charge. One of the chief lamentations, according to a funeral director, is the fact there is no law

to say what they can do. They do know, however, that they cannot dispose of the ashes. So far no action has been taken although the problem has been discussed with a provincial government commission.

Families of deceased persons often forget to arrange for disposal of ashes or postpone a decision and then forget about it. Urns have often been called for years after cremation. —United Press.

The Inside Story Of Hangovers

London. The hero of this new film is—a hangover.

The producer of the film, a ten-minute cartoon, is the World Health Organisation. They say the film was neither for temperance nor against drink. WHO is only interested in education.

"We don't say you should or shouldn't drink," said Mrs. Mary Maps-Losey, head of the Visual Media Unit. "We just say here is what happens when you do drink."

"Johnnie," presumably the average man, has had too much to drink when the film opens.

"When he comes to he has a headache. He asks himself 'What is alcohol anyway?' Various people give him half-baked answers, we give him unprejudiced facts."

These facts were approved for accuracy by Professor Elvin M. Jellinek, 60, who is consultant to the WHO on the problems of alcoholism, and was formerly director of the Yale University school of alcohol studies.

HOW IT HAPPENS

"Johnnie" discovers how he got his hangover, what happens to alcohol in the system, how it is oxidised in the liver, how it reaches the brain, how it may develop anaesthetic properties... exactly what causes drunkenness.

While this is going on audiences will also learn that in moderation drink is part of numerous social customs and usages—celebrations of births and marriages and so on and that many find it enjoyable.

"We thought," Mrs. Maps-Losey said, "it would be a good idea to replace the mythology of drink with some scientific facts."

The cartoon was drawn by former Hollywood cartoonist, Phil Stapp, and is being produced in London. The premiere is scheduled for early spring.

"This first version is in English," Mrs. Maps-Losey said, "but we may make French and Spanish versions later. And if the Russians are interested, we'll make a Russian version too."

Neutral observers believe the Russians will claim they had the first hangovers.—United Press.

HISTORIC PAPERS FOUND

Ben Franklin—Off The Cuff

New Haven. The Benjamin Franklin papers, now being edited at Yale University, were located in such dissimilar places as the top shelf of a London tailor's shop and a Philadelphia rubbish heap.

Dr. Leonard Labaree, Professor of History at Yale and Mr. Whitfield Bell, editor and associate editor respectively of the Papers of Benjamin Franklin, explained that Franklin, in the early days of the American Revolution, stored his papers for safekeeping in the house of a Philadelphia friend. The house was sacked by the British, and most of the papers were lost.

Some of the papers turned up a number of years later on the top shelf of a tailor's shop, where the tailor was cutting them into paper patterns, Mr. Bell said. Some of these manuscripts are still in the odd shapes of cuffs and collars cut by the tailor.

Other papers left behind in Philadelphia were found among a batch being carted off to a paper mill for pulping. Professor Labaree said that a search in England and France turned up Franklin papers in such places as the National Maritime Museum in Greenwich, London Hospital, and the French Foreign Office. —China Mail Special.

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FESTIVAL DRAMA (In English)

TO-DAY Garrison Players Somerset Maugham's THE CIRCLE Missions to Seamen: 8.30 p.m. BOOKING AT SKINNER'S, FEDDER ST.

March 12th-14th. Linden Players J. B. Priestley's DESERT HIGHWAY Missions to Seamen: 8.30 p.m. BOOKING AT MOUTRIE'S.

16th, 17th. H.K. Stage Club Shakespeare's OTHELLO Lee Theatre (16): 7.30 p.m. (17): 8.30 p.m.

BOOKING AT LEE THEATRE & ITS BOOKING OFFICE, Q'S RD. 20th, 21st. The Masquers Milton's COMUS Dryden's SECULAR MASQUE

Wah-Yan, Hongkong (20): 8.30 p.m. (21): 5.30 for schools & 9 p.m.

BOOKING AT MOUTRIE'S & I.K.U. STUDENTS' UNION 21st, 22nd. Kal-Tak Players: THE WHITE SHEEP OF THE FAMILY European Y.M.C.A. Kowloon. 8.30 p.m.

BOOKING AT MOUTRIE'S AND AT THE Y.M.C.A.



THE Duke of Edinburgh attended the recent annual dinner of the Institute of Electrical Engineers at Grosvenor House, London. He was given a membership certificate, which he is seen accepting in the picture. (Express)

HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



THE shape of things to come. British screen actress Belinda Lee is all set to be the belle of the beach this summer in her turquoise satin swimsuit. The white towelling beach jacket is trimmed with satin to match the suit. (Express)



WHEN the new Bishop of London, Dr. Montgomery Campbell, was enthroned at St Paul's Cathedral, the Archdeacon of Canterbury, the Venerable A. Sargent, officiated. The Dean stands with the Bishop before the Holy table during the ceremony. (Express)



RIGHT: British actress Shani Wallis, 22, was to have gone into hospital this month to have her nose remodelled, but now the operation is off. Charlie Chaplin, who has offered her a part in his new film, "The King in New York," vetoed it. "Leave it alone; it suits you," he told her. She thought it turned up too much. (Express)



LEFT: The Vickers Viscount is the first British-made airliner to be used on American routes, and several are now in service with Capital Airlines and Trans-Canada Airlines. They are being built at the rate of 10 per month. Henry Lambert, aged 53, explains the operation of a locking rod on the flap system to 18-year-old Michael Walker, youngest apprentice in the factory. (Express)



DURING St David's Day celebrations at the regimental depot of the Royal Welch Fusiliers at Wrexham. After eating the leek raw, 17-year-old Fusilier Royston Morgan, youngest soldier in the depot, is given a draught from a loving cup. (Banews)



AFTER members of the Royal Family went to see the London production of the French revue, "La Plume de ma Tante," there was a return visit to Buckingham Palace by a member of the cast—Cald, the grey stallion which laughs in the show. He just walked out of the theatre, and was found later at the Palace gate. Here he is with his trainer. (Express)



AT the farewell party held in London for Hollywood actress Arlene Dahl and her husband, Fernando Lamas, before their return to America. Picture shows Arlene studying the 1920-style flower-pot hat of actress Joy Webster. (Express)



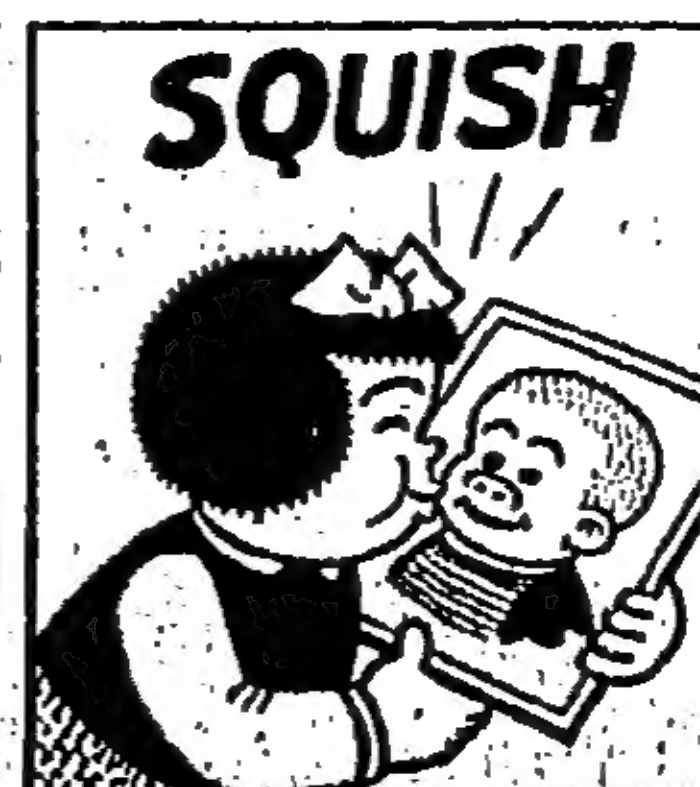
THE Duchess of Kent, the first Colonel-in-Chief of the Dorset Regiment, inspecting the guard of honour at Carter Barracks, Bulford, during her visit to the 1st Battalion of the Regiment. (Banews)

RIGHT: Poet John Pudney with the battered piano and settee which someone had dumped in his garden when he and his wife were away. It was quite a problem—Mr Pudney called it "a burglary in reverse." (Express)

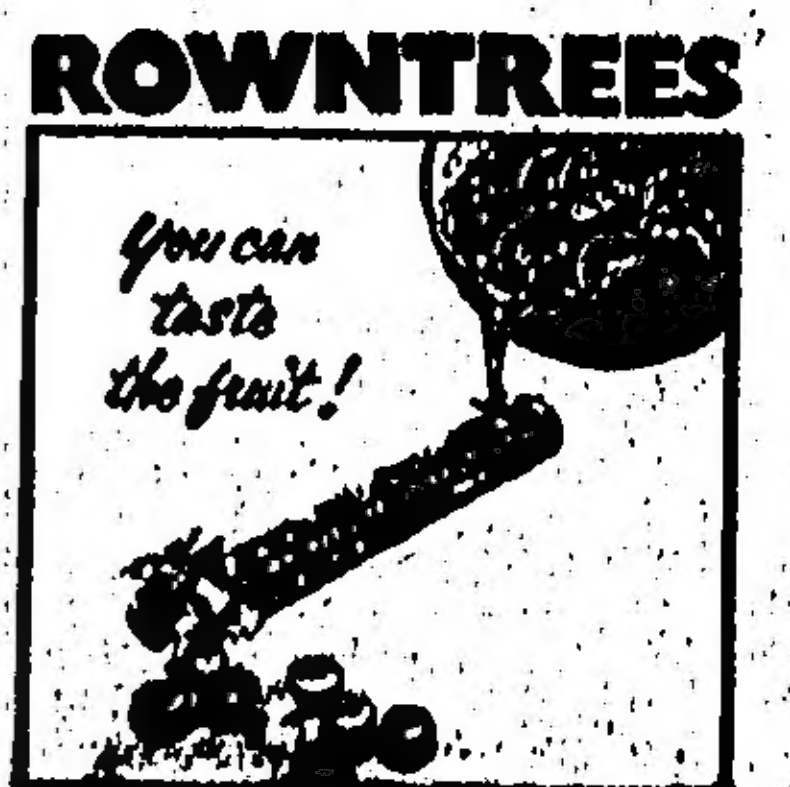
CRICKETER Len Hutton, who recently announced his retirement from the game, was guest of honour at a dinner given in London by the National Sporting Club. From right: Len Hutton, former cricketer Herbert Sutcliffe, legless air ace Douglas Bader, and actor Jack Buchanan. (Express)



NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller



BRINGING YOU ANOTHER OF THE WORLD'S STRANGEST STORIES

LANDRU — THE MAN WHO MADE MURDER HIS BUSINESS

HENRI DESIRE LANDRU was perhaps the most callous murderer in history. He killed women as a business. He had ledgers in which he set down every detail; the smallest item of his expenditure — a bunch of violets, Metro tickets, postage — all went down on the debit side to the last sou, though at times the final entry of "net profit" was often surprisingly small.

Indeed six years (1913-19) of this macabre occupation yielded rather less than £700. During this time Landru, a middle-aged man with a bald, domed head, a parchment face, staring eyes and a spade beard, contrived to meet, fascinate and dupe no fewer than 283 women.

Of these he killed ten — plus one unfortunate youth who came to know too much. No body was ever found.

He was methodical. He compiled a series of love letters copied from novelettes, numbered and docketed to be selected according to the character of the victim who was to receive them. He regularly advertised in the matrimonial column of newspapers.

Respectable Life

It was such an advertisement that led him to his first kill. His victim was a widow, Mme. Cuchet, with one son. She was good-looking, lively, aged 39 and had money. She agreed to furnish a house he took for them at Vernouillet. She would have been very happy with "Raymond Diard," as he now called himself, but for his frequent absences on business as a "traveller."

He was, in fact, living an outwardly respectable life with his wife and four children at Neuilly, only four miles away.

On promise of marriage he secured various sums of money from Mme. Cuchet. But one evening "Raymond" returned from one of his lengthy absences to find



He duped 283 women, killed ten of them. Net profit, less than £700.

ment. . . dinners theatres, gifts. The forest's bill alone was considerable. Eventually, she consented to marry him at Dijon; but she refused to let him have any hand in her finances.

Then something extremely unpleasant happened. She told him that her friend, Marcelle, had told her she knew him as Henri Mignet, a swindler of women.

"I am going to inform the police at once," she declared.

Landru pretended to fly into a passion, dashed out of the room, slamming the door, and without stopping to collect any of his belongings, rushed out of the house. Mme. Laport put the police on him, and for a long time he had to go into hiding.

Now began a new phase in Landru's activities. Driving through the forest of Rambouillet, he came across an isolated villa near Gambais. It had high hedges and walls and seemed admirable for use in his "business." He rented it, and here he brought a succession of his victims. Many of them were poisoned on the night of their arrival as they sat at a meal in the living-room (ironically enough beneath a print of "The Last Supper" that hung on the wall).

Curiosity

Landru did not invite all his visitors to his woodland retreat with the intention of murder. He took under his protection one young girl whom he had found destitute in the street. She later agreed to stay for a time at the villa until their "marriage" could be arranged. He seemed to find her attractive, and as she had no possessions he would have no object in killing her.

Curiosity sealed her doom. Left alone in the villa she

noticed that one door was always locked. Peering through the keyhole she saw a large quantity of women's clothes, shoes and handbags. She mentioned this to Landru. From that day the girl was never seen again.

Landru disposed of many of the bodies in a large incinerator he kept in the kitchen. But a police officer called to see him regarding a chimney which appeared to be on fire, so he sought other methods of disposal.

The next "experiment" involved Mme. Guillot. She was plain, elderly, illiterate, but she had £600. It was not difficult to dazzle and deceive her, or to induce her to sign a power of attorney giving him the right to dispose of her property.

She died on the night of her arrival at Gambais. Next morning Landru packed her body in

position than he did of Fernande's. . . He wrote to her:

"Fernande, my adored: I am distracted and distressed to think that you have been dragged into this disgraceful business. . .

"Do not worry, my darling. I shall return soon to your arms: Your devoted Lucien."

There followed one of the most spectacular trials in French history. It lasted two years and the detectives gathered enough material to fill a dossier of 4,000 pages. Hysterical women mobbed the court. They sent Landru gifts, love-letters and offers of marriage. Infantry with fixed bayonets were stationed to control the women who tried to swarm into the court.

The gruesome details of the trial so affected one reporter that he left the press table, re-

turned to his hotel and shot himself.

Throughout the trial Landru protested his innocence. He went on hunger strike. But in the end he showed a certain dignity. His last letter was addressed to Fernande from La Santé Prison the night before his execution. He wrote:

"Fernande: The last words I shall write will be to you. These long drawn out months of my trial have been a torture. Through it all you have not written me. Not a single line.

"But, Fernande, I shall die still loving you. . . This is indeed, Adieu. The end is near. I shall not allow them to cut my beard, because I remember how much you admired that beard, chere amie. My last thoughts will be of you.

For ever, Your Lucien. . .

He protested on the day of his execution in 1922, about his sleep being disturbed by the noise that was made by the creaking of the guillotine a few feet away from the prison, and that he had been awakened in the early morning by the uproar of the crowds who had "come from all over the country to make holiday."

He added: "What could be more inconsiderate than to rob a man of sleep on his last night on earth?"

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Hunger Strike

WHAT happened next is hard to believe of such a cold-blooded monster. Landru fell violently in love. He was infatuated with a blonde midwife called Fernande Segret.

She agreed to leave her job to live with him in his flat in the Rue Rochecouart. Wishing to buy her an Easter gift he took her into a shop in the Rue de Rivoli. Here, face to face, he met Mme. Lacoste, sister of Mme. Buisson, his third victim. He turned away, hoping she had not recognised him. But Mme. Lacoste went to the police, who got the address from the shop of "M. Lucien Guillot."

Next morning, while Fernande and Landru were sitting at breakfast, four men entered and arrested him.

Taken to La Santé Prison, he seemed to think less of his own

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ANOTHER LETTER FROM GILES IN LAS PALMAS

dear seals,

just a few more lines from me to let you no mrgiles is hopping mad. evry morning mr giles is more hopping mad than the day before. he is ever so happy that evryone at home is nice and cold but what makes him wild is because he is nice and cold as well and he says when he was a littel boy at school they tell him africa was a hot an they tell him africa was nice and warm but our littel land near africa where lord beeverbrooks sends us is about as hot as a fridge.

another thing mr giles dont like is the man next door whose got a camel that keeps scratching itself all night on the wall which is the same wall as mrgiles bedroom. he also dont like sand in his wisky and he dont like us putting littel catcusses in his bed for fun and he dont like grandma singing all day with the man whose got the camel and plays a littel whisle nor do

mr giles says when it isnt blowing hurry cains its blowing littel locusts in and out his window. aanty vera got sand in her nose and caught a fresh cold and mrgiles lands the twins one with a palm tree leaf evry time they call him 'bwana' because he is a white man on account of there not being very much sun.

this afternoon mr giles had a go in his jaguar with a italyan man in a ferrari car round the mountains and as mr giles went the fastest the policemen could not catch him but in his mirror he sees them catch the ferrari man and give him a dressing down and this is the first time mrgiles larughs since hes been hear.

mrs giles says if mr giles is going to play monty carlo races all over the island shes going to stay indoors so am i. evrybody here speaks spanish and mr giles is about as hot at spanish as he is at french and when he ordered tea today in spanish the lady clapped his face so he slapped outs. they had a lovely bernardo in the island next to us so perhaps we shall get one tomorrow hoping this finds you as it leaves me but i doubt it if you knew what the air mail is like from hear yours truly my feet prints

pe s. we are all getting as brown as snowballs



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ALL IN A DOCTOR'S DAY Feeling Low? It May Be Your Mind

By CEDRIC CARNE

THE letter came back from the hospital: Miss Sharples has been fully investigated, but we can find no evidence of organic disease. However, she does seem to be rather anxious.

I have received that sort of letter, like so many other physicians, countless times. Stress, anxiety, worry.

In general practice these three emotional states are more important than all the floating germs of 10 cities.

For they lead not only to vague symptoms — occasional headaches, back aches, indigestion, etc. — but to actual disease.

In over 80 percent of those who suffer from a duodenal ulcer, their early symptoms can be traced back to some event affecting the patient's work, his finances, or the health of his family. It is known that grief often precedes that illness called ulcerative colitis.

The mind controls the body. This is not surprising, for as everybody knows our skin can go red with anger, we blush when we are embarrassed, and we blanch with fear.

Indeed many patients who suffer from anxiety are prone to anxiety and over-conscientiousness.

EXPERIMENTS

To what extent can emotional dissatisfaction cause physical disease? Interesting experiments are being conducted all the time to demonstrate this. Recently mice were given slight electric shocks every time they were fed. The result was that they became emotionally disturbed, and it was found that they were more liable to illness than those mice who were fed normally.

Sometimes actual physical conditions can be cured by suggestion. Warls have been cured by hypnosis; skin rashes made to vanish by the doctor helping the patient to adjust his emotional tensions.

I was in this frame of mind when I rang the bell for Miss

Sharples to come in from the waiting room. I looked down at the hospital letter on my desk and said: "I have good news, Miss Sharples. As I expected, all the laboratory tests are negative. You do not have heart disease."

Then these palpitations I get are not due to the heart? "No. You have just made your heart the focal point for your anxiety. It's like the horse and the jockey," I continued. "If the horse is whipped it will run. So also with you and your heart. It is not the heart that is at fault. It's your anxieties that make the heart run fast."

For just as the colour of the skin changes according to emotion, just as duodenal ulcer or ulcerative colitis has a history of stress, so the majority who complain of "heart symptoms" do so because of some emotional tension.

BROKEN HEART

We began to talk about her different fears. I recalled various other patients who had become "heart conscious" because of some protracted emotional disturbance or following the death of a friend or relative from heart disease.

Indeed, long ago, doctors thought "broken heart" an actual physical condition. And it is no accident that colloquial expressions have meaningfully linked emotional states with the heart. Thus the terms "heavy-hearted," "chicken-hearted," "the heart growing weary," etc.

"Come to think of it," Miss Sharples admitted, "I suppose my symptoms did begin after my father died. I nursed him, did you see?"

I saw. We had a long talk and then she left more cheerful than I'd ever remembered her.

Later I went into the living-room. "If everybody was reasonably happy," I said to my wife, "half the heart doctors in the world would be unemployed. Now how about something to eat, dear?"

"You haven't got a heart," she grumbled, "only a stomach."

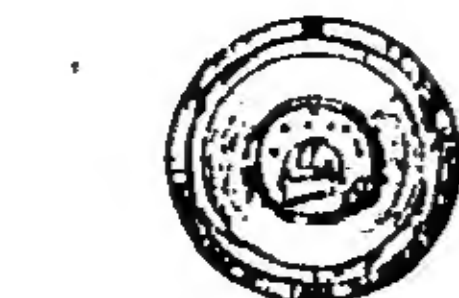
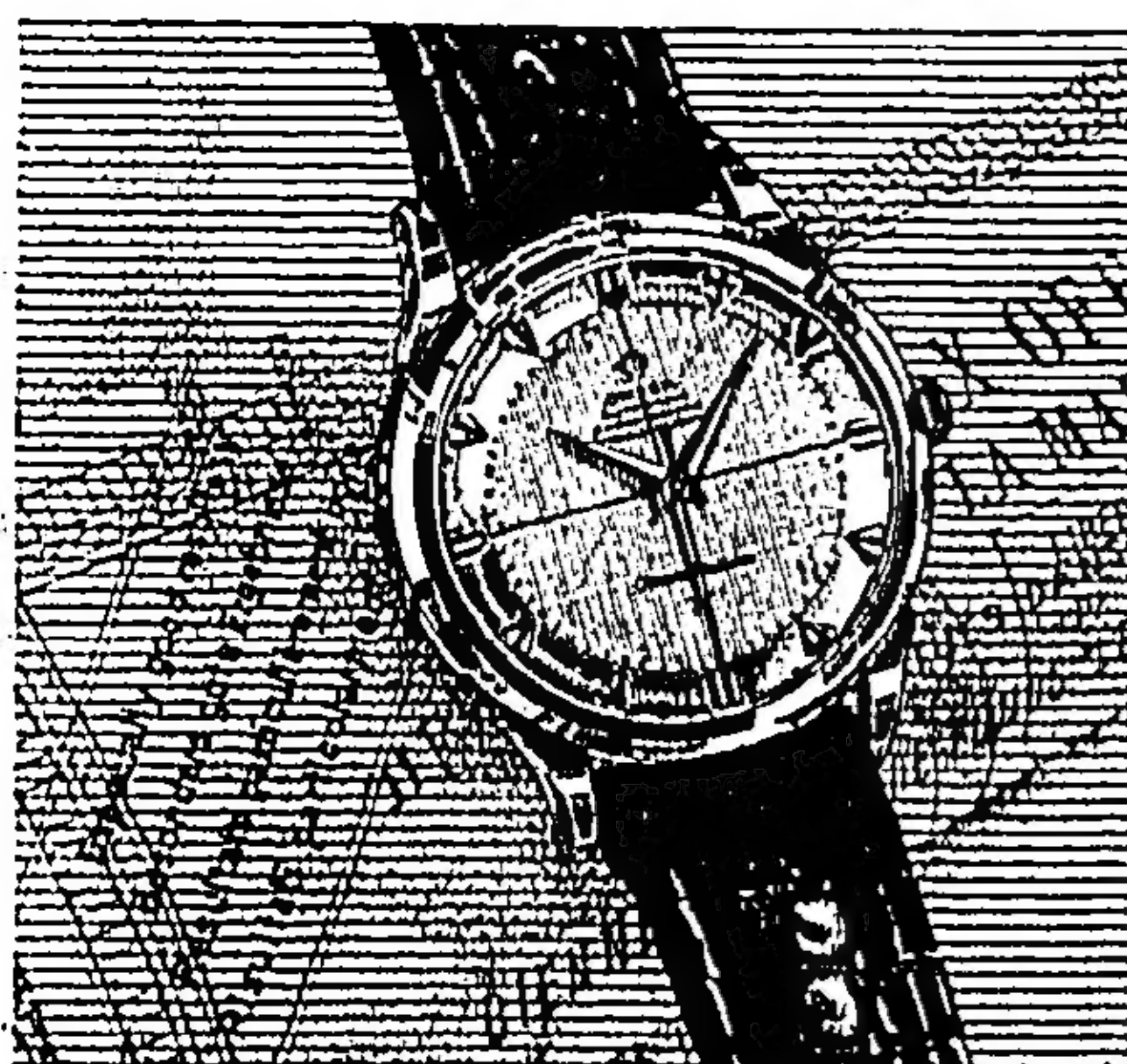
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The Amazing George Shearing BLIND PIANIST TURNS DOWN THE GIFT OF SIGHT

By RUSSELL HOWE

ONE of the world's most famous blind men has just chosen to remain blind although a leading American eye specialist has all but guaranteed he could give him his sight back.

Battersea-born George Shearing, who in seven years has reached the top of the American downtown world with his own style of progressive jazz and whose Quintet has been called the most popular instrumental group in the USA, believes, however, that his blindness helps his music—and helps him to know people better than anyone with normal sight.

"It helps me to know them without the deceiving factor of outward appearances," Leaning back in an armchair in his comfortable New Jersey home, Shearing added: "It helps me see people from the inside."

Shearing was born on August 13, 1919, the youngest of a London coalman's nine children. A few days later—not as often reported "at birth"—he was blind.

"It was medical neglect," Shearing's mother told him when he questioned her in later years. She never really knew what happened. A medical guess, however, is that when the baby's eyes were washed, nitric acid was used by mistake instead of the usual weak acid solution.

Being blind kept Shearing out of the usual world of

suburban youth. For him its grim reality was something that he only heard of at second-hand. While his brothers and sisters moved on from a brief unsatisfactory schooling to dead-end jobs, early marriages and the greybrick house around the corner, George dreamed of doing something different.

At the Shillington Blind School in Battersea, and later at Linden Lodge School, Wandsworth Common, Shearing forgot about his father's entreaties to be practical and learn wicker-work or some other dull occupation reserved for the blind. He began to study hard at music.

At Linden Lodge the music teacher was more broadminded than most. "You'd make a good jazz pianist," he said one day. And the idea stuck.

FIRST JOB

ARMED with a fair knowledge of piano and accordion, Shearing found his first job at 16—playing in the Mason's Arms in Lambeth for 25s. a week and whatever people put in the box. When, however, this led to his being offered a late night stand in a band playing for banquets and at dinner places, Shearing left his pub job.

This is how he tells the story: "For the late night jobs I had to wear bow tie and tails, and as there wasn't time to change at the pub after 'Time, gentlemen,' and in any case no one was there to help me, I used to go to the pub ready-dressed on my band nights."

"The landlord said that tails were much too elegant for his establishment which was just off Lambeth Walk. I'd have to choose which job I kept. I told him there wasn't any choice—he could keep his job himself."

Shearing then began to study Braille more carefully, and today he is glad, for although there is very little jazz in Braille and he has to rely on his four-fingered musicians for reading the new numbers, knowing Braille enables him to spend most of his leisure hours with his favourite composer, Bach, or his wife's, Debussy.

From the age of 16, Shearing's career moved fast.

"I joined the band of a Wimbledon player called Bill Lark and we did one-night dance stands until we got a Jack Hylton booking. People began to hear me play and I sat in on some jam sessions. Leonard Feather, Britain's leading jazz critic, launched me in the British press, and this led to a BBC contract."

BOMB HIT

"WHEN the war began I was playing on 'Bandwagon,' the Arthur Askey-Richard Murdoch show."

"Then I toured Britain with an all-blind jazz band led by Claude Bampton, and Decca Records signed me up. Then I moved to the St Regis Hotel, the dance band of the St Regis Hotel in London. I wanted to stay there for ever—luxury suite, silk sheets. I was in clover! Then a bomb hit the place in 1940. The hotel went up in smoke and the job with it."

Now the war in France was over and Stephano Grapelli was reconstituting his Hot Club de France in exile in London. George joined him for a while and later joined Ted Heath and Frank Wells, in both cases as pianist and orchestral arranger.

Later still he had his own show on the BBC before joining Ambrose and his band at the time Ambrose discovered Ann Shelton, with the result that his band became Britain's most popular band. George did an 18-month tour with them in 1941-2. And by that time he was married.

The marriage started in an air raid shelter under the YWCA building in London's Great Russell Street during the Christmas of 1940. Today Mrs. Trilix Shearing remembers it all well enough. "My mother and I were living in Bloomsbury, and we used to go to the shelter every night for the regular six-to-down raid. George would come down and play most nights, leaving again at 9.30 to play at Hatched's Restaurant. Then he would drive back through the bomb hail at 1 a.m. to play us to sleep."

"One night he came around with the man who was supposed to be his agent, an American pianist at the Three Deuces night club on fashionable 52nd Street."

The job didn't last, however, and the Shearings were in debt again before the next one came along—a new Broadway jazz centre called the Cliche, where several bands were engaged in keeping the bop fans jitter-bugging.

Things might have stagnated again when a lucky break came for Shearing. A record company decided to do some spontaneous recordings at the Cliche, and George was on the stand with a clarinetist, a drummer and a bass player when they called. The clarinetist, Buddy De Franco, had to drop out because his own record contract excluded him from working for other companies.

With a couple of quick telephone calls, Shearing replaced him "on the spot" with vibraphone player and a guitarist. In this unexpected way, the Quintet was born.

The eight sides recorded that day proved popular, and soon Shearing found himself on the disc jockey's lists and with a contract to make several more records. His "September in the Rain" made the hit parade, as did "The Nearness of You." The most popular of all his recordings to date, however, is "I Only Have Eyes For You."

even heard about since 1939 in England. Trilix had to tramp round the agents, and I was spending £5 a week in taxi fares alone."

For the man who had starred for 18 months with Ambrose, and who had won the Melody-makers Popularity Poll seven years running, it was depressing.

"I'm going home," Shearing told his wife one day. "Decca have written; they want me to make some more records."

"You're not quitting America till you've given it a chance," Trilix said at once. "You go and make the records, then come back again. I'll stay here and work the agents."

LUCKY BREAK

TODAY Shearing says: "I owe everything to Trilix. I'll be eternally grateful." By this Shearing means that when he returned to New York he found that Trilix had in fact fixed a job for him—as an international pianist at the Three Deuces night club on fashionable 52nd Street.

The job didn't last, however, and the Shearings were in debt again before the next one came along—a new Broadway jazz centre called the Cliche, where several bands were engaged in keeping the bop fans jitter-bugging.

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RECORD YEAR

TODAY Shearing can look back at an five and a half years playing with his own Quintet at such famous New York spots as the Elmhurst, Cafe Society, Birdland and Basin Street. In Chicago he has starred at the Blue Note, and in San Francisco at the Black Hawk. In Hollywood he has drawn applause at the Trianon, the Mocambo, the Crescendo—all top flight jazz-spots. Soon he is to carry his progressive jazz to the strictly blues empire of the Southern States.

Today, with the heartbreak years behind him at last the Shearings can relax in the spotlight of real success. George has won numerous magazine popularity polls and given three concert tours, touching every important city in the States. Two of the tours were made with Count Basie and singing star Billy Eckstine.

Even the challenge of new "progressive" star Dave Brubeck has not dimmed Shearing's popularity and this will be his record year: he expects to gross approximately £90,000.

His arrangements sell as sheet music and he has written his own songs, the most popular being "Lullaby of Birdland."



NOW AMONG THE JAZZ "GREATS"

On TV he has appeared on the Ed Sullivan programme—one of the top six—as well as with Milton Berle, with Frankie Lane with Arthur Godfrey. And always now the critics are almost unanimous in their praise. They all talk of the "Shearing sound," with its strong influence of classical music. Frank Sinatra comments briefly: "I think George is just plain terrific."

At the Shearings' lovely country home, George recalls the difficult times and the better ones with equanimity. Speaking still (like his wife and daughter) with an English accent, with the warm tones of Cockney breaking through now and again, Shearing can joke about the errors he makes through blindness. When photographer Ed Silverman made a suggestion about a pose, Shearing chuckled: "Don't ask me—I can make some good shots of the wall."

SELF-TAUGHT

SHEARING'S piano is covered with the bulky Braille volumes of Bach's fugues, and across one wall is his new and enormous hi-fi record player with amplifier and double loudspeaker. The speed positions are marked by tiny copperhead nails for Shearing's sensitive fingers to find, and Mrs. Shearing and his daughter Wendy Ann say only he can operate its complicated controls properly.

Although he has had no musical instruction since he was 10 and had to teach himself harmony and counterpoint, he played the first movement of Schubert's A Minor Symphony with the Rochester Civic Symphony Orchestra last year and now plays only classics in his leisure hours.

"After I'd played in Rochester the orchestra played the Rumanian Dances and then I gave the symphony audience a hot jazz recital. The sixty members of the Symphony were stomping time."

"This is the sort of thing that I should like to see happen all over the country. Symphony needs a shot in the arm from the dynamism and even from the 'commercial' flavour of jazz, and jazz could benefit from the prestige of symphony music. It has far too long been something you go to a murky cellar to hear some reprobate battling out."

"But you're 36—would you ever lose what blindness has taught you if you were given sight?" I asked him.

"I might, however much I chose to guard against it," Shearing said. "There is no telling what it might do to me mentally."

"I'd like to be able to play tennis and drive the car instead of being dependent on the help of others—but no, it wouldn't be worth it."

"This isn't the first offer of sight that Shearing has had. A bobby-sewer offered him one of her eyes in a fan letter some years ago, and a 'lifer' in Trenton State Penitentiary has made the same offer in all seriousness in several letters. To George, however, there is a world within a world in being blind. He has adventured in it and found it to his liking."

Apart from playing, Shearing finds relaxation in his garden, pool, on long walks, in rowing

or in frequenting the nearest bowling alleys. He reads a little serious literature in Braille, his favourite writer being Ogden Nash, but relies on the radio for the news.

Shearing visited England last year to see his father Philip Shearing, who is in a convalescent home at Walworth, London. His mother died five years ago.

As for his reactions to British jazz, he says he was impressed at the number of "live" jazz shows on the BBC. In America, most jazz broadcasts are recorded. George was worried, however, to see that musicians' union rulings in both countries preclude an exchange of orchestras.

"Art and science and medicine should be completely universal," he says. "The last two are, and all the arts except jazz music. Symphony orchestras can travel. Something should be done about it. I wanted to play in England I should have to go as a musician but not as a jazz accompanist but not my whole Quintet."

I told Shearing everyone wanted to know if it was really true that he had turned down an operation to give him sight. "It's true. Under no circumstances would I ever submit to an operation, whatever the chances of success. It isn't that I think a slight person isn't fit to be a judge of a blind man, but I do feel that the blind are more capable of judging the inside qualities of other human beings—and that's a precious gift I don't want to lose."

MANY OFFERS

"I DON'T know the colour of my wife's hair or eyes but know much more important things about her."

"I'd like to see the beauty of nature. I'd love to see paintings. But if I could see paintings, I wouldn't have such a complete understanding of the construction of a Bach fugue."

"Look how it simplifies my life in show business. If I take on a new musician I only want to know if he's a good instrumentalist and if he's a gentleman. I don't misjudge him by his face. I don't care where he comes from, what race he is."

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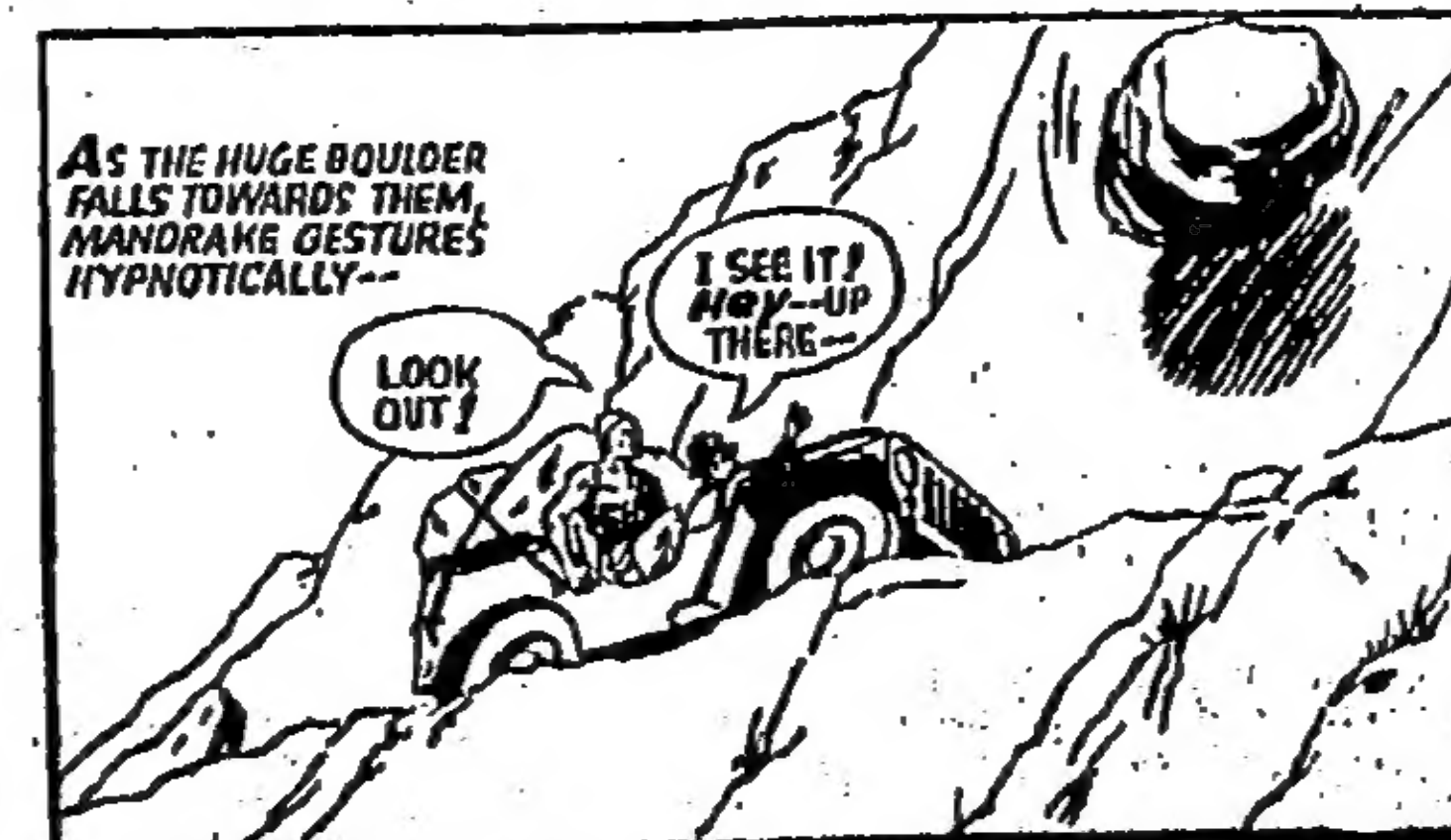
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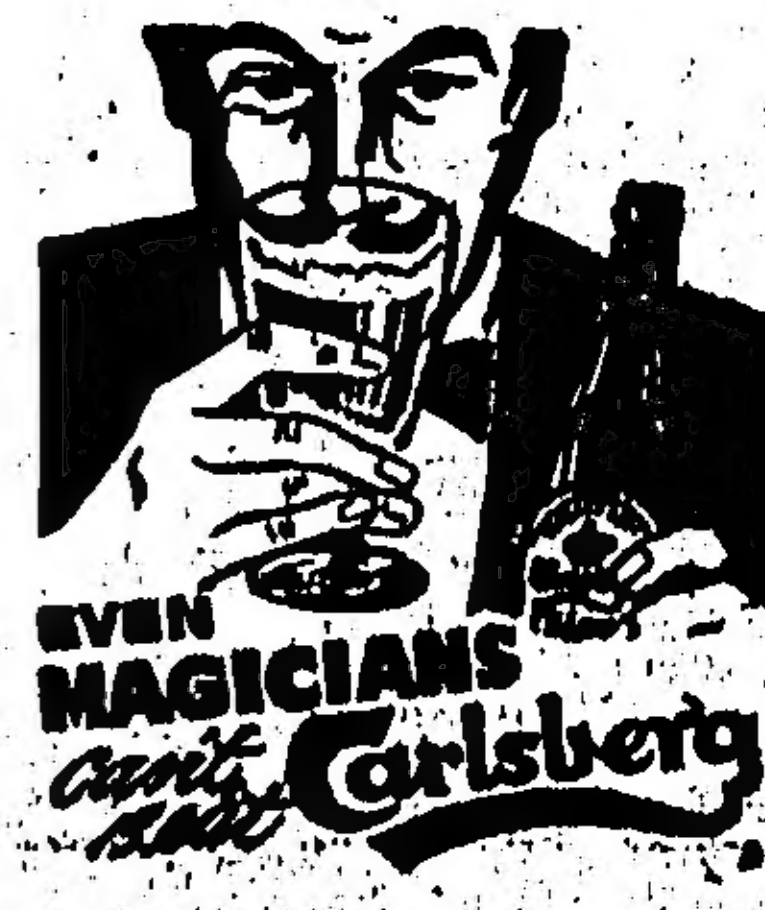
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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN



By Lee Falk and Phil Davis

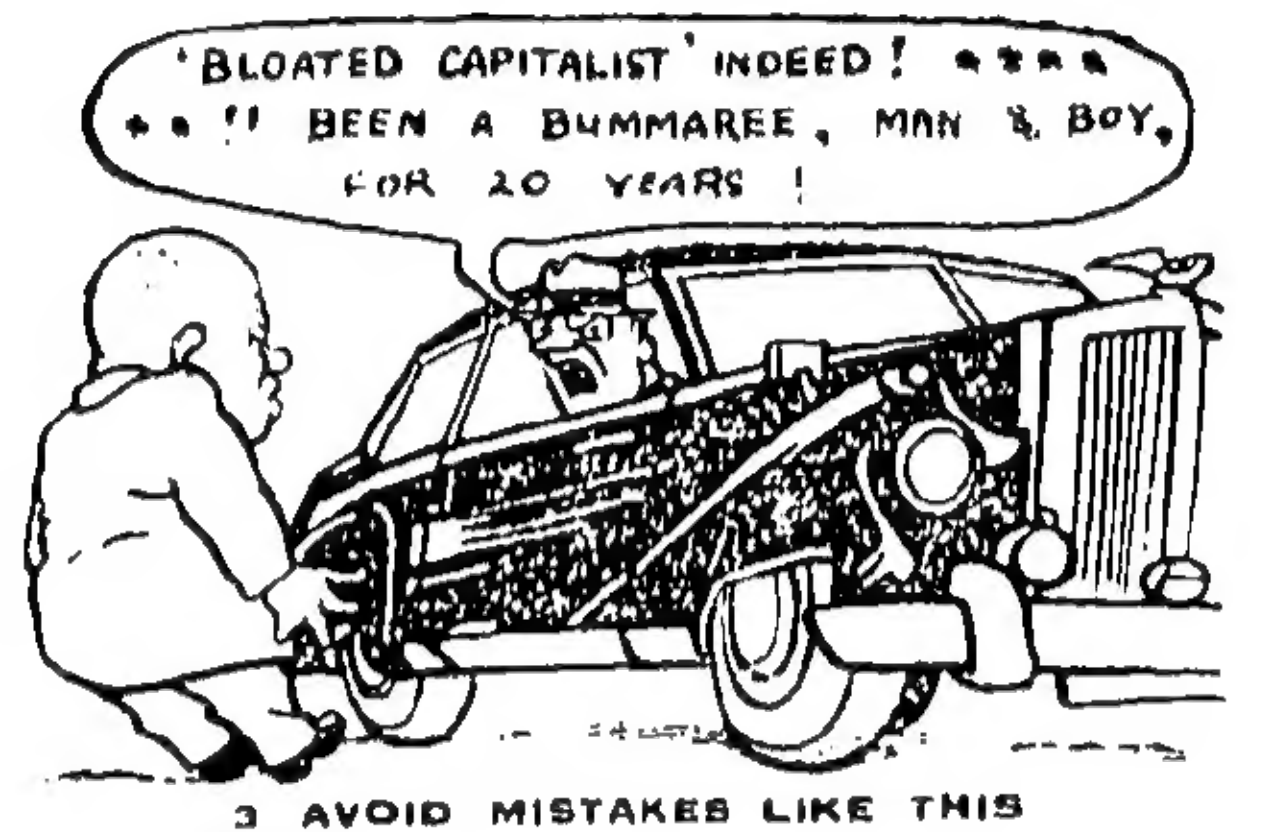


EVEN MAGICIANS CAN'T CARLSBERG

MEMO Cummings to Krushchev HOW TO MAKE THE VISIT A ROARING SUCCESS . . .



1. TAKE PART IN OUR NATIONAL RELIGIONS 2. HONOUR OUR GREAT INSTITUTIONS



3. AVOID MISTAKES LIKE THIS



4. LAY TRIBUTES ON OUR NATIONAL MONUMENTS 5. LEARN OUR LANGUAGE



... AND THE VISIT CAN'T FAIL

London Express Service

TRIALS FOR TREASON: NO. 5

Klaus Fuchs, The Deadliest Traitor

By NIGEL GEE

THE corruption of Klaus Fuchs is one of the Nazis' few lasting successes. They drove him to Communism, and so set off the chain reaction which was to make him the deadliest of the atomic traitors.

No one man could give Russia the whole of the secret she acquired, but Fuchs came nearest to achieving such distinction. The scientific consequences of his action may not be far-reaching, but the political and strategic results are incalculable.

Fuchs was born in Germany in 1911, the son of a pastor of a particularly strong religious faith. Apart from himself and his parents, there were a brother and two sisters, all of whom were to suffer intensely at the hands of the Nazis. Their offence was a simple one—they were on the wrong side.

His father was imprisoned, his mother committed suicide, one sister threw herself under a train, the other sister and brother died in exile. There have been less recent reasons for expelling Communism.

KLAUS himself was a Communist before he left Germany. His own misfortunes were relatively slight. He was beaten up and thrown into a river. But sensing worse to come when the Reichstag was burned down in 1933, he went to ground and escaped to France a few months later.

Through the benevolence of an English family who shared his father's Quaker faith, he came to England in September of the same year. He had no more to sustain his still undeveloped intellectual resources and his dedication to Communism.

Not unnaturally, he kept his political convictions to himself, though it was not long before the British authorities became aware of them. The news came, however, from a source hardly unprejudiced—the Gestapo. For that reason it is no surprise that little significance was attached to it, though the information was recorded dutifully.

In the light of subsequent events, the security services have had to endure criticism for want of vigilance after so early a warning. At the time, however, of Fuchs' flight there were thousands fleeing from Nazism, most of whom were labelled as Communists by their vindictive

persecutors. Many of them were Communists, but in most cases their energy was directed only to anti-Nazi activities, and few turned to bite the hand that fed them.

Arrangements were made for Fuchs to continue his studies, first at Bristol and then at Edinburgh University. In 1940, when the Nazis overran France, he was interned in Canada with his fellow German refugees on the principle of safety first for both themselves and the state.

While he was working in New York, Fuchs had regular meetings with his contact, the American Harry Gold. He no longer scrupled to differentiate between his own work and the discoveries of others. He reported minutely on everything he knew.

Suddenly the source dried up, and Gold was left to scour New York for his other half. Fuchs had in fact been sent to Los Alamos, New Mexico, to work on the actual construction of the bomb. Fuchs could be very punctilious about observing the security regulations.

Once normal communications had been resumed, this period of Fuchs' career proved the most fruitful of all for the Russians. His reports were detailed and precise, but they were still only trailers for forthcoming attractions. They were still anticipating the application of theory to practice—the explosion of the bomb.

ACCEPTS £100 WHEN it finally came, he was able to make his final analysis to the indefatigable traveller, Harry Gold.

It was not a complete construction kit of the atomic bomb, but it contained details of dimensions, contents and methods of detonating it.

The British team returned home soon afterwards, but before he left fresh arrangements were made for him to pass information in London.

Fuchs had been appointed to a post at Harwell, the new atomic energy establishment in Berkshire. For a time he seemed to lose interest in espionage,

but in 1947 he set out to re-establish contact with Russians. It was at this stage that he accepted his first payment over and above his working expenses as a spy. It was only £100, but it was to be a token to convince him there could be no turning back. He needed such conviction, for he was already wrestling with his conscience.

All his adult life he had been an introvert. His work and his Marxist faith had been enough to sustain him. In his statement after his confession, he opens his mind to a laboratory analysis. He had divided his mind into two compartments. The one allowed him to enjoy his friendship in complete safety, because the other compartment was constantly on guard and told him when to stop. He was schizophrenic, but under controlled conditions.

HINT FROM US NOW, since he had come to Harwell, the control mechanism was breaking down. He was becoming human. Even before security began to suspect him, he was looking for a way out of terms which would in the future live and let live.

The course of events, however, would not permit anything so easy. A report from America suggested that Nunn May had not been the only traitor in the British camp. The facts seemed best to fit Fuchs, but there was nothing to act upon.

He was questioned obliquely and patiently. Eventually he was asked if he had met a Russian representative in New York and had plain he would have maintained at least a state of indefinite imprecision, but Fuchs was uncertain of what he wanted to do. He gave the answer which only delayed the inevitable. "I don't think so."

In the end he found the solution to his dilemma. He rejected any half measures which might be passed off as indiscretions. He told all, and his story was infinitely worse than anything he could have suggested.

There had been a heavy secret for even a man of Fuchs' mentality to bear, and confession probably brought absolute relief to his tortured mind. Yet still illusion persisted. He had not been caught, and he had been cooperative and helpful. He had been wrong, even bad, but what is done cannot be undone, and such a thing would never happen again. So let's all get back to work.

NO ESCORT THOUGH he was beginning to learn about the ways in which society conducts its affairs, he was still far from the truth. He was invited to come to Harwell several days after his confession. The purpose was to arrest him, a fact which almost anyone but Fuchs would have divined. He travelled alone; there was no need for an escort.

Justice was dispensed quickly to Klaus Fuchs. He pleaded guilty, but he did not begin his 14-year confinement before he had heard some plain speaking from Lord Cleeve. His sins were catalogued.

SHE CAN SING EVERY NOTE

Jennifer soars right through the keyboard



Jennifer Johnson—singing the lowest note of the piano.

TWENTY-THREE YEAR-OLD Jennifer Johnson must find a composer to write for her before she can begin her singing career if she is to use the full range of her voice.

In a demonstration at a Golden Green studio, Jennifer spanned seven octaves—the range of a piano. She can pitch her voice as high as a violin, as low as a cello.

She said: "I believe mine is the first of a new kind of voice. I want to sing music written to exploit it."

The first of a new kind of voice? There are about 20 others who are studying under a 50-year-old music teacher with a new method, German-born Alfred Wolfsohn.

Jennifer said: "Some of them can reach eight octaves. I happen to be the most developed in the practical sense. We are taught on the theory that there is no basic difference between men's voices and women's."

Jennifer, who comes from Bournemouth, can use four and a half octaves for practical singing. Most singers have a range of two and a half.

But Peruvian singer Yma Sumac is believed to have the widest range on the concert platform—five octaves.

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If Marilyn Can Have One—Why Can't I...?

EVE PERRICK AND THE PSYCHO-ANALYST

WELL, one thing I thought I could get in the Marilyn Monroe manner was a session with a psycho-analyst.

Said I to myself: "All right—you're not a blonde, a breaker of hearts, or of shoulder straps—but if the fair lady says she's a different person since she got wise to herself by way of a psycho-analyst, why not try it for one in her psychiatrist's consulting room, why not give the thing a try?"

"Pay your five guineas, own up to putting red ink in your form mistress's strawberry-blancmange and relax—yourself."

Relax did I say? Miss Monroe should take the time, while she's in England playing around with the Oliviers, to sample the English copy of the American way of life.

Two hours in the confessional chamber (or, as the learned doctor, a recognised authority on the subject and so needfully named, that I was a fit subject for psycho-analysis, and a mere 30 minutes on the couch taking the treatment).

DEVITALISED—THAT'S ME NOW THE new straightened-out Eve Perrick is a poor, devitalised creature, just a wee bit embarrassed about the whole thing, and totting a couple more inhibitions than those she went in with.

It seemed an innocuous enough setting. One of those attractive terraced houses backing on to Regent's Park, with four bottles of milk on the doorstep denoting that the mind-expert I had come to see was also either a family man or a letter-off of flats.

He looked neither paternal nor priestly nor particularly psychic. And, though the two couches were the room's most predominant furnishings, he beckoned me into a chair, gave me a cup of tea and a ginger-snap, and proceeded to try to talk me out of what he termed "taking analysis."

"People have entirely the wrong idea about psycho-analysis," he said. "They think it is merely a matter of coming in, lying on the couch, talking about themselves, and going out feeling pleased with themselves. That it's a relaxing experience. 'I can tell you it's hard work—for me and the patient. Sooner or later they come to hate their analyst—won't give anything."

You have to break down their hostility and try to re-establish contact between you. "And you being a journalist will make it even more difficult. You will hang on to your detachment—keep one part of you concentrating on what you might write about, and be frightened to put yourself cutely in my hands."

I did my best to convince him that beneath the know-it-all cynical columnist there was just a crazy mixed-up kid.

THE LOVE-HATE RELATIONSHIP

"NOW look," I said, "I have a job, a husband, a child, a house—just how many problems do you need to get into this act?"

"I have an anxiety complex so extreme that one sticky night in 1940 with bombs falling, guns banging, and everyone else around me praying that they'd just get to live through it all, I alone sat in the cellar worrying about post-war problems. How about that?"

"Nothing extraordinary," he commented. "Similar thing happened to me in Paris in 1918. Everyone else was going gay celebrating the Armistice while I pondered about what was going to happen to me next."

I tried again. "At times I also have an overwhelming desire to kill my husband. I announced with some pride. He looked not a bit impressed. I continued.

"Last night, for instance, I was lying awake, my habitual insomnia made worse by a splitting headache, and he was snoring away like a buzz-saw. I wanted to choke him."

"Ah, a typical example of the love-hate relationship," pronounced the psycho-analyst. "After all, you didn't give way to your impulse to kill him."

"Only because I didn't know enough about the technicalities of smothering to arrange to make it look like an accident," I admitted.

CAUGHT OUT ON THE HOP ANYWAY, at that stage, he considered me worthy material for the full analysis treatment and indicated the smaller of the two couches. It was a nice comfortable one. The room was warm. After my sleepless night I was feeling pleasantly drowsy. A voice, quiet but gently insistent, spoke: "What are you thinking about now?"

Now there's the thing! Caught on the hop at the first question

without a single thought in my simple, sleepy head. Quickly I improvised like mad, said something non-committal about one of the pictures over the mantel, relaxed again.

"What's in your mind now?" the voice came back again. "Gosh," I mused to myself, "I can see what he means by hard work. Quick, think of something—back in your childhood if possible."

"I'm thinking," I said, superbly at ease. "I'm at times, 'that if my sister were here she'd probably say, 'Oh, I suppose you're going to tell him about that time I hit you over the head with the salmon tin?'"

"Ah," said my analyst, "I think you're trying to get me to like you."

"Well, let's say approve of me," I amended.

"What are you thinking now?" "Here we go again," I thought (but didn't tell him). He got there first that time, though. "You're thinking that I'm hostile to you," he said. "Not quite," I corrected again. "Only that you're still rather suspicious of me."

Now there's a thing! Caught "You know," he said, "I note that you have a tendency to substitute words for other words that mean exactly the same thing."

YES, I MAY NEED HELP I GOT the idea that something significant was happening at last. "You should see me at the office," I cried eagerly. "I can't pass a single sub-editor struggling with a headline without telling him he's using the wrong words and suggesting another one." I waited hopefully to be told the cause of this quirk in my mental make-up. The doctor made no comment. Apparently you do not get a character-reading for the first five guineas.

By a lot of leading questions I put to him, I gathered that I was a fence-sitter and a fond mother, both of which I already knew. And that my insomnia was caused by a subconscious fear that I might die in my sleep—which was news to me.

But at least the psychiatrist, admitted at the end of the session that, contrary to his first impression, he thought I might be in need of his help after all, and I could call again any time I would admit it too.

(After all, Miss Monroe had to go along to her man for four months before she found out what she was all about.)

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ODDS FISH! THEY'RE ANIMALS

"Nightmare" Creatures Really Exist

PIGS can't fly," we're apt to say when someone asks the impossible. But to judge from the experiments of a Swedish Professor, Gosta Hagqvist, there's no telling what miracles even a pig will perform.

The Professor is bringing home the bacon in a big way by rearing a boar nine feet long and weighing half a ton! He claims he could double the size of other farm animals and cause a hen to lay double-sized eggs.

But all this would be achieved by artificial means and Nature has already provided us with plenty of very queer animals. Our old friend the bat, for example, has such wonderful wings that it was taken for a bird for hundreds of years. Yet it is as much an animal as a sheep, and feeds its young with milk in the same way.

In some warm countries, like Japan, India and Australia, the bat comes in a much larger size, a fruit-

eating species with wings five feet across. They call it the "Flying Fox" because of its reddish hair and fox-like head.

The bat may be the only animal which really does fly, but there are several which would qualify for a glider-pilot's badge. Top of this

class is the so-called "Flying" Lemur of India, which can glide as far as 200 feet from a tree-top takeoff.

Australia and New Guinea have Flying (or should it be Phlying?) Phalangers, and in various parts of the world there are flying squirrels and flying mice, the young of which got plenty of "dual control" practice, for the mother carries them around in a pouch, like a kangaroo.

Apart from the airborne types, there are a lot of animals which have got mixed up with the birds and the beasts. Take the Aussie duck-billed platypus, for instance. It has the head of an otter, the beak and feet of a bird, and it lays eggs. But it goes one better—then a bird. When the eggs are hatch-

ed, the mother platypus can pop the youngsters into a neat pouch and feed them with milk.

Another egg-laying animal is the ant-eating echidna, a distant relation of the platypus. Just to be different, it's covered with quills like a porcupine, and has five toes on each foot like a man or a monkey. But its most spectacular gift would amaze the British rabbit. With the aid of strong claws, the echidna can

bury itself in the ground, while the youngsters into a neat pouch and feed them with milk.

It may be one in the eye for crossword puzzle addicts to learn that there's another queer animal with just two vowels for a name—the al. He's one of the sloth family, idle fellows who spend a lifetime sky-watching. They've been hanging back-downwards from the boughs of trees for so long that they've taken on the same colouring. No wonder they're hard to spot from down below!

One of the most remarkable of all animals is the beaver, which has two webbed feet and a ten-inch tail, which it uses as a rudder in water and as a support to sit on when it works or eats. But the thing that makes it even more unusual is its skill as an engineer. To ensure they have sufficient water around their homes, the beavers build a dam or two, which they fill by biting through the trunks

of trees where they know exactly where the trees will fall and to build the right shape of dam for fast and slow-running streams.

Among the better-known animals the beaver is not the only one having odd characteristics. Just think of the enormous bulk of the hippo. You'd imagine it would sink without trace in water, but it doesn't. It swims and dives like a fish.

About the only oddity that is supposed not to exist is a white elephant. But the villagers of Chiem poeh, Cambodia, in Indo-China, are not so sure. In 1850, they were reported to be hunting a wild "white elephant with pink tusks," which had been ravaging their rice fields.

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JOHNNY HAZARD ARE YOU SURE YOU'VE GOT THE PAPERS STEFF? CHECK THE POUCH! NO TIME NOW—THE MOTORCYCLE GUARD HAVE PICKED UP OUR TRAIL! HURRY, WE MUST GET TO THE ZIPPER DAM BRIDGE AT PRECISELY 5101! A FEW MOMENTS LATER—5101! WILLEM IS A GOOD MAN! HIS BARGE WAITS EVEN NOW!

...this situation calls for a San Miguel

By Frank Robbins



...this situation calls for a San Miguel

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

Empire Line Ousts
The Long Torso

By MARIE FONTAINE

Paris. The sweater line is dead. That is the most significant fact which arises when one reviews the Paris fashions for the coming spring and summer. In dresses, the waist is either in its natural position or more often, is raised to just beneath the bust. In suits, the jackets are chopped off short just beneath the waist. There is little trace of the long torso effect or fullness starting at the hip line. Skirts, which are slightly shorter this season at some houses, are usually straight for day wear or box-pleated—either pressed—all round.

This raised waistline on dresses is achieved by a pleat, belt or by some shirred or draped effect just beneath the bust. Such dresses are usually slender and have no horizontal seam at the waist, where they are fitted but not moulded.

★ ★ ★

For instance, a slender sheath dress in black wool by **Margy Rouff** with short cap sleeves and a deep wide V-neckline is trimmed with a band of black pleated ribbon in a straight line just beneath the bust. Incidentally, the square neckline with shoe-string shoulder straps is also disappearing and is being replaced by a (sometimes all) high neckline and short sleeves.

Another slim sheath dress, this time by **Madeline de Rauch**, is in navy blue wool jersey. It has a high draped collar, short sleeves, a vertical pocket on each hip and a U-shaped buttoned yoke.

Prominent in the collections of one or two of the Paris couturiers, and also featured by some of the London designers in their spring-summer collections, are floating panels on dresses.

Christian Dior, who has caused great interest by reviving draped effects on dresses, swatches the fabric of a grey flannel dress over the right shoulder and the right hip to meet just below the bust on the left side. He also emphasises the high-waisted effect with a gathered panel floating loose from there to the hem.

★ ★ ★

Floating panels are also featured on either side of a cross-dress by **Madeline de Rauch**. These meet at the centre back, almost concealing the straight skirt beneath. This model is in grey and black Glen check wool which, incidentally, is a very popular fabric in Paris this season. It buttons to hip-level, has a wide collar and small rounded revers, and also a pocket with a buttoned flap on either side at bust-level.

Belts have returned to those dresses which have a waistline in the natural position. They are either in leather or take the form of wide, draped cummer-

bands either of the same fabric as the dress, as seen at **Balmont**, or in strong contrasting colour, as at **Dior**. A most attractive model by the house of **Fath** is in a small blue and white checked wool. Its main features consist of a slim skirt, three-quarter sleeves, a narrow leather belt and a horizontal pleat at the bustline. A pleated white starched yoke and cuffs and the finishing touches. By the way, there is a profusion of white yokes, shirt fronts, cuffs and collars with flowing ribbons at this house.

★ ★ ★

The dress and jacket ensemble loses none of its popularity as it goes by. Navy and white pick-and-pick worsted is used by **Jean Patou** for a high-necked dress with a full skirt falling in box pleats all round from the waist and a matching waist-length jacket with elbow-length sleeves. Both jacket and dress are edged with navy.

Very new are little short jackets which stand away from the figure and which button down the front or down the back. These are worn closed over a matching skirt at **Dior**, where they are called *caracos*, or open on to a dress showing a high waistline, as at **Lanvin**, **Margy Rouff** and **Patou**.

Suits are characterised by shorter, puffier (except at **Dior**), a broader shoulder, the collar if any, which stand away from the neck and are less tailored, and fuller skirts. The latter are obtained by means of gathering of pleats (at **Patou**) draped panels (at **Madeline de Rauch**) and flying panels (at **Griffith**). **Genevieve Fath** shows a number of wrap-over skirts.

Mustard yellow wool, the choice of **Jean Patou** for a suit with short semi-fitted collarless jacket with three-quarter sleeves and a slightly gathered skirt. **Lanvin** (**Castillo**) marks the high waistline on a suit of bright coral lightweight tweed with a self-belt rising from just above the waist to just beneath the bust on the left where it ends in a bow. The skirt is slim and the collarless jacket buttons to the left of the centre.

★ ★ ★

A mock bolero at the back of the jacket gives this season's touch to a neat little suit by **Margy Rouff** in a small black and white dogtooth patterned wool fabric.

The skirt of a suit by **Jean Desces** in flecked light beige tweed is gently flared, while the short, fitted jacket, which dips slightly at the back, is held at the waist by a deep band and self-buckle at the back.

About every evening the waist, but with effects that raise it, a number of coats show a revival of the redingote line. For instance, **Jean Desces** creates a short-waisted effect at the back of a coat in black and white sauntered wool fabric with the new Watteau pleat. This starts just above the waist at the back and falls freely to the hem (as in sketch No. 1).

Some coats hang straight and are very simply cut, whereas others have gained fullness at



1. **JEAN DESCES**: The "Watteau" pleat, a box pleat extending from just above the waist to the hem at the back, gives the high-waisted look to this dress of grey pick-and-pick worsted. 2. **LANVIN** (**CASTILLO**): The latest variation on the dress and jacket theme is seen here in this ensemble in navy blue and white striped wool. The dress has a full pleated skirt; the jacket is short and reveals the waist. Both dress and jacket are fastened to the left side of the centre front. 3. **CHRISTIAN DIOR**: This is the caraco, a short sleeved loose fitting and fastened down the back. It is worn here with a matching skirt of lightweight black wool, the draped panel of which raises the waistline at the front. 4. **JEAN PATOU**: Navy blue is a favourite colour for coat-dresses such as this one in lightweight wool. The line is straight, the waistline is discreetly indicated, and the important collar covers the top of the arms. A little white yoke fills in the décolleté. 5. **MADELINE DE RAUCH**: One of the most popular fabrics this season is Glen check wool. In black and grey, it was chosen by this designer for this suit with double-breasted jacket and flared, paneled skirt. Note the white cuffs and bow trimming.

the back, at **Christian Dior** they increase their volume by the importance given to the sleeves. The "caraco" idea, with skirts up the side seams, is still retained in one or two instances. **Genevieve Fath** has introduced a variation on this theme with coats which are all up to the centre back to the shoulder blades.

The fabrics favoured by the Paris couturiers this season can be divided into two main categories. On the one hand are the loosely-woven wools such as hopsack, coarse wool, olive, muslin (which shows an irregular weave, reminiscent of hand-woven fabrics) and fancy tweeds with large shepherd checks in tone-on-tone combinations. On the other hand are all the pure worsteds and suits

such as pick-and-pick and the very fine wool toiles and wool poplins which are dry and crisp to handle.

Diagonal weaves, which were so popular last season, are still abundant—particularly bright shades of chevrons. Notable among the feather-weights with a summery touch are Glen checks in very pale shades of blue, green, pink and natural.

Fine black wool is used for many low-necked late afternoon and dinner dresses, particularly at **Christian Dior**.

Colours include the whole range of beige and naturals, pastels (for instance, lavender, mauve and mustard yellow), bright blues and bright pinks (such as salmon coral and nappy berry). There is also much navy and white and black.

A SENSE OF GRACIOUS LIVING

ONCE a week I like to pretend to be a lady; and the time I choose for this harmless bit of make-believe is Sunday morning. I like to make an event of Sunday breakfast.

This is one of the best ways I know of getting a great deal of pleasure for a very little money. For six days a week breakfast is a scramble, with everyone in a hurry and nobody properly dressed.

Then, on Sunday, there's a delicious calm. You can play the gramophone in the morning, read several Sunday papers, wear your favourite trousers, talk for hours on the telephone, or just loaf in bed, without one uneasy glance at the clock. Something a bit special in the way of Sunday breakfast can make the whole occasion even more of a pleasure. It induces a sense of gracious living which may not be justified by the facts, but which is enjoyable all the same. I strongly recommend letting your imagination play round the subject of your Sunday savouries and toast. Dress the whole meal up a bit.

If You're On Your Own...



...If you're on your own, get yourself something extra special on a tray. (Or if you've a husband who likes breakfast in bed, make it two trays.) But don't let it be the same old pot of tea and stack of toast. Make it a French breakfast, with coffee instead of tea, croissants or brioche instead of toast, and honey or cherry jam instead of marmalade. Or make it an American breakfast with fruit juice, coffee, and scrambled eggs and crisp bacon all done in a frying pan (no sautépan) which is quick to cook and easy to wash up.

If You're A Family...



...If you're a family and you like a lazy Sunday morning with golf or some sort of expedition in the afternoon, then roll breakfast and lunch together and serve it about noon.

Don't let this meal get too stodgy. Start it with fruit or fruit juice, then your hot breakfast dishes and coffee on a hotplate on the side, then finish with cheese and lettuce. The sort of coffee I'd go for is the American, vacuum-packed type, because it's equally good black or white, make it in an aluminium percolator and serve with a jug of this cream.

The sort of dishes would be: baked eggs; kedgeree; scallops baked in their shells with butter, crumbs, and a squeeze of lemon; fried kidneys, bacon, and chopped apples, or omelettes which are quick and practical for up to four people.

I once had a noon-day farmhouse lunch in Normandy, where each person was served with three or four thin, minute omelettes with different fillings—you could do shrimp, herbs, sweet corn, mushrooms, and so on. Not a labour-saving idea, this one, but awfully good.

...If you've young children, you are pinned to the normal eating time—nothing is worth an evening to Gracious Living as a child. But you could at least get away from the familiar food pattern.

Most children would like a Swiss breakfast, and they could help to make it, and lay the

There's A Human Success Story Behind These
Suede Shoes With
A Difference

London. SUEDE shoes are making a come-back to the fashion scene this summer. But they are suede shoes with a difference, made from the new British Unaprot kid suede, which is water repellent, colour fast and abrasion resistant. They come in all spring and summer shades, from the palest pastels to brilliant blues, greens, and reds, a vivid violet and a particularly warm deep black. A sudden thunder storm, an unexpected patch of mud will not hurt these shoes. The tell-tale white line which has always ruined suede shoes for us in the past after they have been wet, will never appear on these new models. Brushing with a soft—yes, a soft—brush (NEVER a wire or rubber brush), when dry, will remove mud and leave the shoes looking as good as ever.

SECRET PROCESS

The secret process by which the suede is treated to make it water repellent involves no use of resin or plastic, which means that the feet can breathe naturally—in other words, the shoes cannot "stew" the wearers' feet.

One of the pioneers in the use of this new suede is Mr John Cavanagh, one of the youngest members of London's Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers who designs clothes for the elegant Duchess of Kent and her young daughter, Princess Alexandra.

In his new Spring and Summer Collection, he uses suede shoes throughout, all specially dyed and designed to match, tone, or contrast with the model with which they are being worn.

Behind these new shoes, or rather the suede from which they are made, is a human success story of two brothers who fled before Hitler and his Nazi storm-troopers when they were threatening to overrun Czechoslovakia in 1939.

NARROW ESCAPE

It was a narrow escape. They had only just found a safe for their money, intended to be a branch of the family business, established in Prague since 1708, when Hitler, not content with occupying the Sudetenland in accordance with the Munich Agreement of 1938, marched the following year into the rest of Czechoslovakia.

The brothers Ullitz never went back to Prague. Their parents succeeded in joining them before they were caught up by Hitler, but they were cut off from all the rest of their family and friends.

The business which was intended to be a branch dependent upon and assisted by the long established mother house in Prague, had to be built up from scratch—in a distant flax-spinning mill little suited to the needs of a tannery.

The only advantage which the brothers Ullitz saw in the site was the fact that there was plenty of the right kind of water available. The importance of this may be judged by the fact that today resumption of work at the tannery is between 200,000 gallons and 250,000 gallons a day.

DOUBLE TROUBLE

There were also plenty of unemployed workers, the British Government having given the scheme their blessing because, as Mr. Ullitz said at Killybegh, just outside Belfast, in Northern Ireland, was in one of the worst depressed areas of Britain at that time.

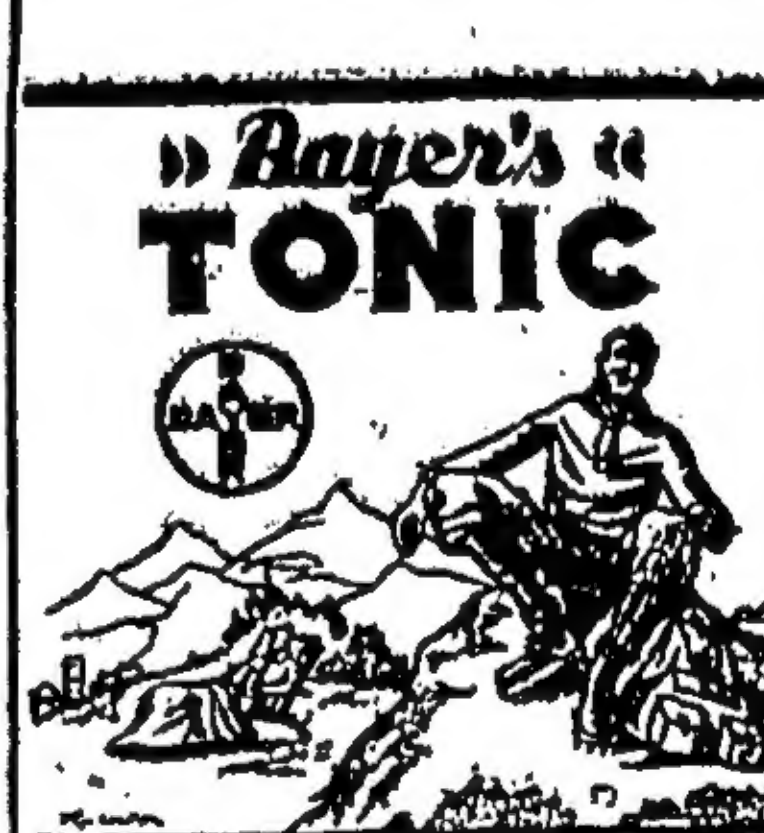
But even the labour problem was not so easily solved. When they had work, before the linen industry began to decline, the workers had been spinning flax, or helping to grow it, far step from the processes of tanning. Many of the workers were reluctant to learn new ways.

When the tannery opened, in 1939, the Ullitz brothers hoped eventually to employ 600 people. Today, they employ 400 people, engaged upon the whole process of tanning from the sorting of the skins imported from Nigeria, South Africa, East Africa and other parts of the world, the removal of the hair from the pelts to the final dyeing and finishing of the leather or suede as the case may be.

MODERN PROGRESS

Skills in the various processes are already being passed from father to son among the workers. And alongside the facilities of the works, canteen and recreation rooms, educational talks and films are being started to help the workers to keep pace with modern progress.

The skins they process now go out to leading shoe manufacturers in Britain, Italy, France, Austria, and many other countries of Europe as well as the United States. Kid suede has the great advantage of being between 15 and 20 percent cheaper than calf suede, while some of the best skins are classed by a special UTA process which makes them particularly useful for orthopaedic purposes and very acceptable for the highest quality shoes. — China Mail Special.



PRESS PHOTOGRAPHS
Copies of photographs taken by the South China Morning Post, South China China Mail Staff Photo-Sunday Post-Herald, and others are on view in the Morning Post Building.
ORDERS BOOKED

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Illustrating the "Discipline Line", theme of Jean Desces' Spring and Summer Collection, this evening dress is of pink printed silk. It has a blouse effect at the back, with a long train. — Agence Franco-Press.



WELSHMEN attended a special service at the Union Church last Sunday to mark St David's Day. Before the service, a wreath of remembrance was laid at the Cenotaph by Dr J. Caray-Hughes (left), President of St David's Society, and Mr J. R. Jones. (Staff Photographer)



HIS Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, with officers of the Civil Aid Services during his visit to the Casam Club. On extreme left is the Hon. C. E. M. Terry, CAS Commissioner. (Staff Photographer)



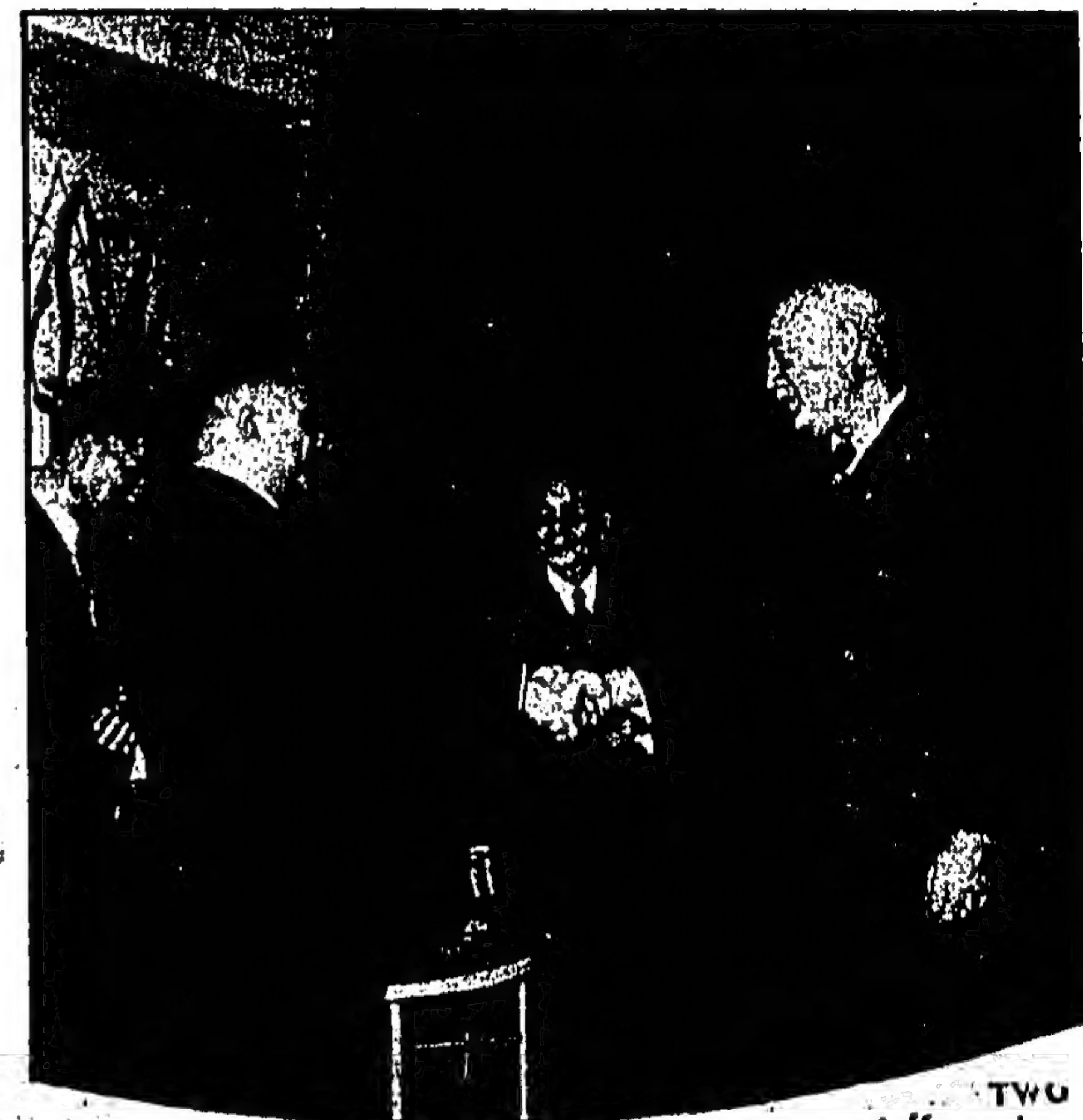
THE Acting Commissioner of Police, Mr K. A. Bidmead (right), bidding Mr A. R. S. Major, Assistant Commissioner, good wishes before the latter departed on leave prior to retirement. Mr Major joined the Hongkong Police Force in 1929. (Staff Photographer)



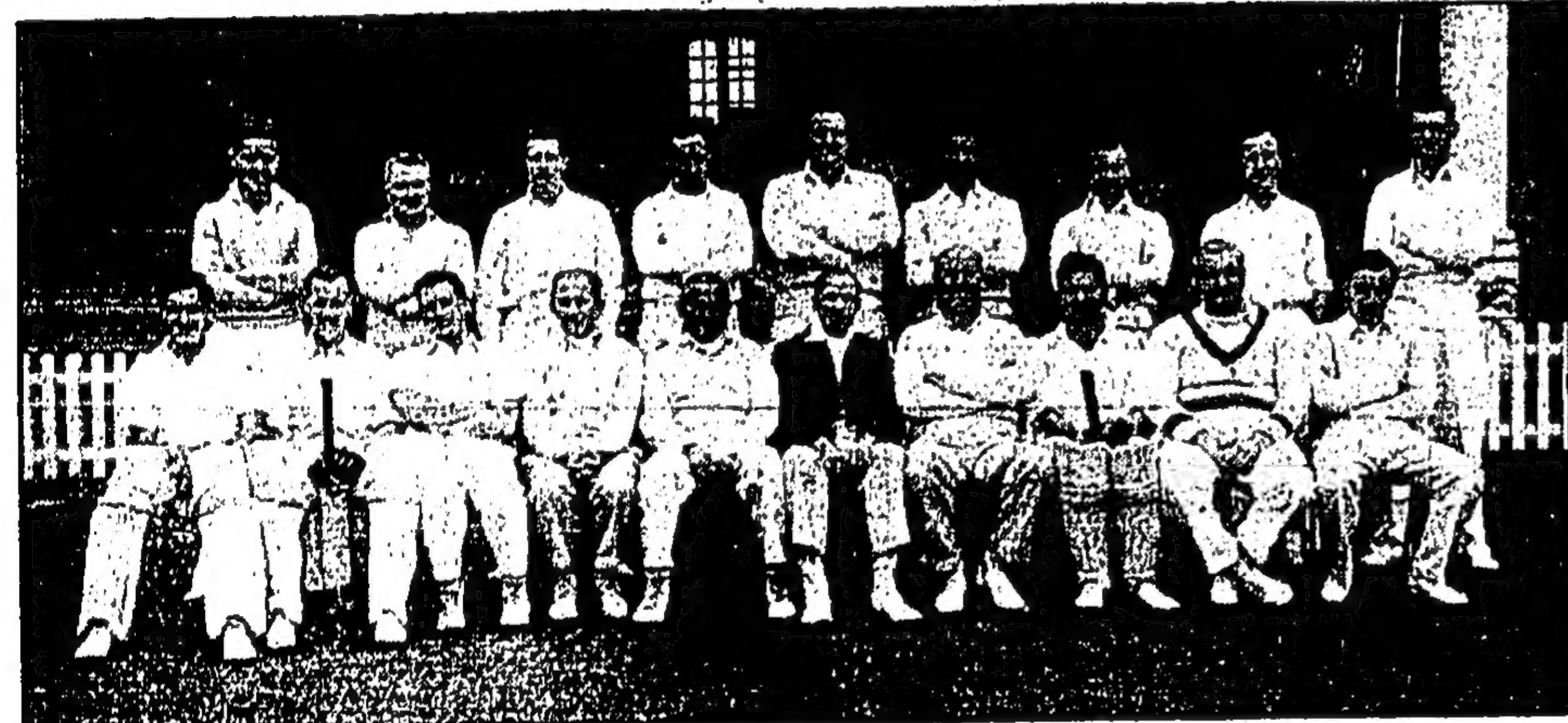
LEFT: Mr H. C. Monzies, Australian Government Trade Commissioner, who has been appointed Senior Trade Commissioner in Canberra, gave a farewell cocktail party for his friends at the Honakong Club on Tuesday. Mr and Mrs Monzies are seen with Mr Peter Sin. (Staff Photographer)



MISS Janet Tomblin speaking on the Hongkong Arts Festival, of which she is Chairman, at last week's luncheon of the Lions Club. (Staff Photographer)



TWO staff members of Lane Crawford, Ltd., who have retired after long service, were presented with farewell gifts by Mr G. E. Marden, Chairman of Directors, last week. Mr Marden is shaking hands with Mr H. W. Randall (left), who joined the firm in 1917. In centre is Mr George Yue Hing, who joined in 1922. (Staff Photographer)



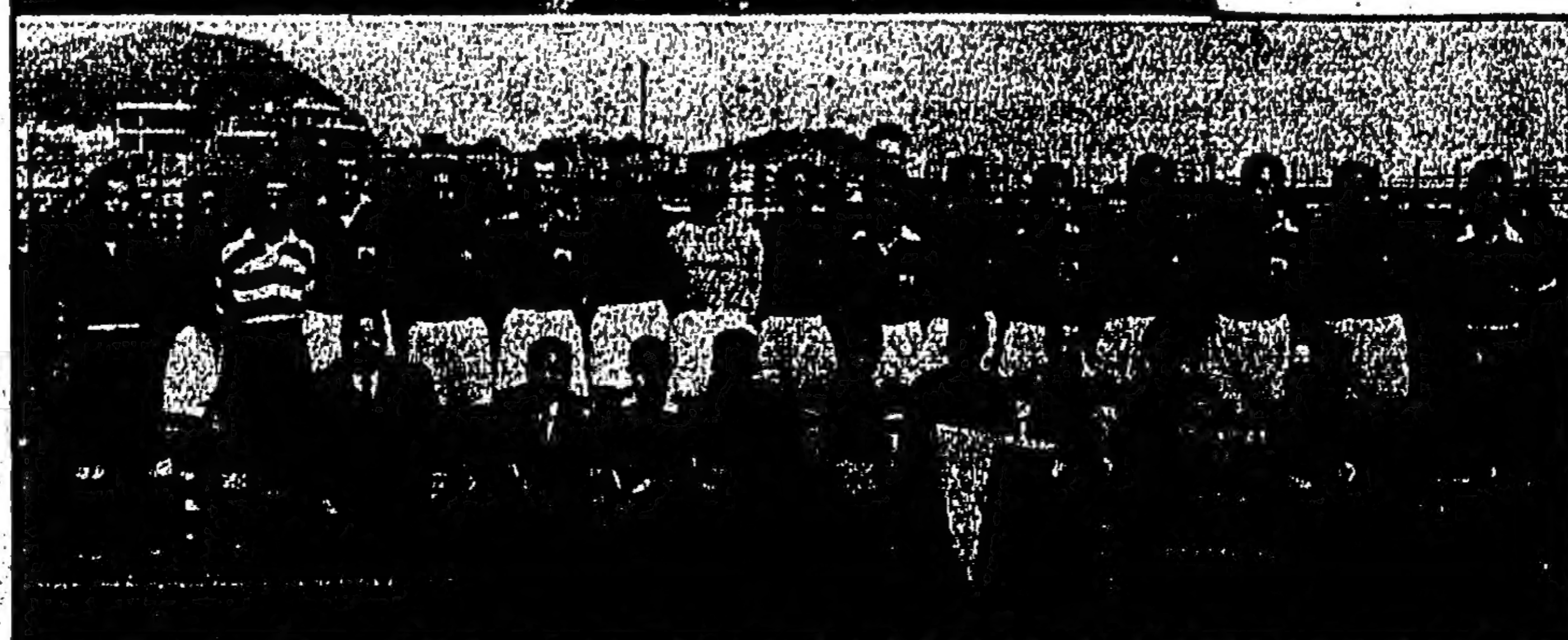
THE annual friendly cricket match between Jardine's and Taikoo at the Hongkong Cricket Club last Sunday ended in a narrow victory of 16 runs for the former team. Here are the players before the match. (Staff Photographer)



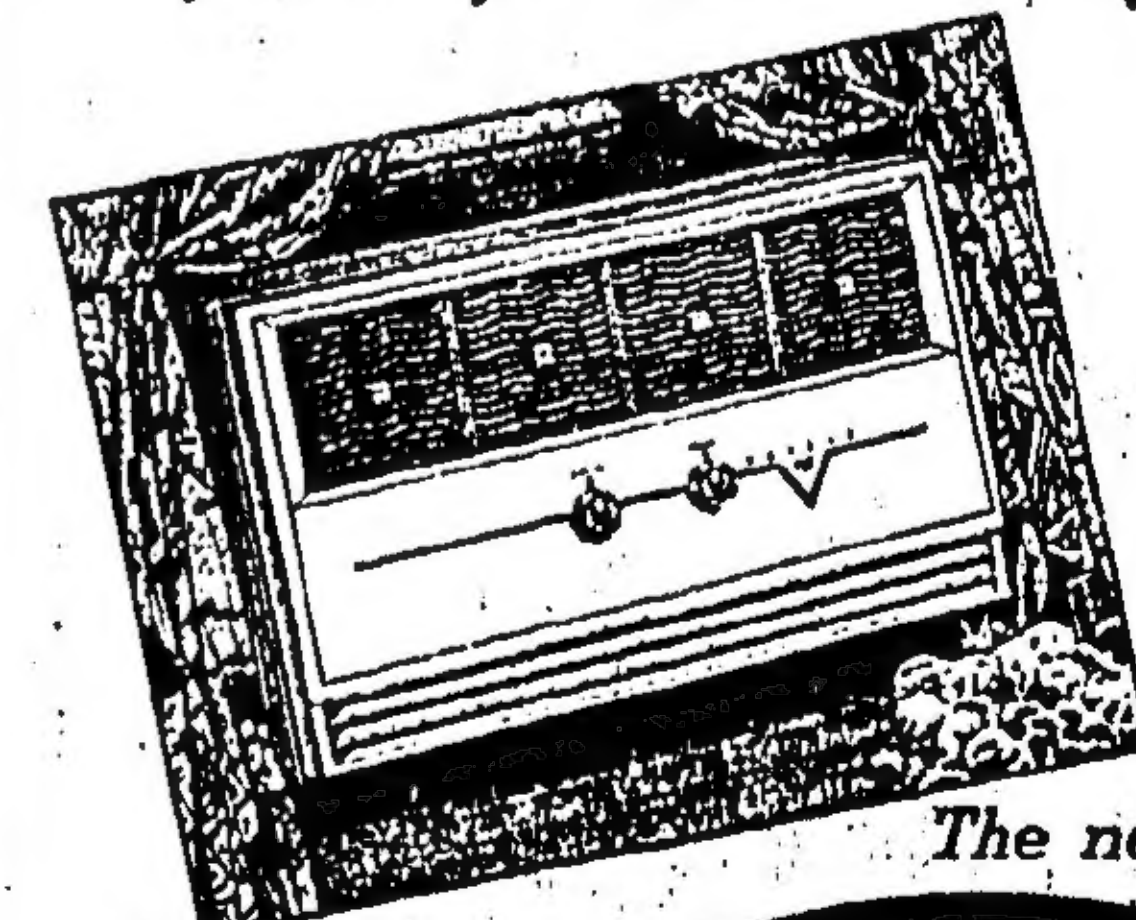
LEFT: Wedding at the Union Church of Mr Michael Clapton Illingworth, Assistant Superintendent of Police, and Miss Elizabeth Anne Goldman. (Staff Photographer)



THE annual Hongkong-Macao Police soccer interport, played last Saturday, was won by the visitors. Below are the two teams lined up before the game. Left: At the dinner following, Mr Roy Moss, captain of the Hongkong Police team, hands over the trophy to Lt Fandos, Chairman of the Macao Police Sports Association. (Staff Photographer)



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HONGKONG



MRS Rachel Carr, Mrs Arthur Woo and Mr R. E. Deano, judges at the flower arrangement and table display at Government House on Wednesday, considering the merits of a Chinese table plan. The display was organized by the Women's Auxiliary of the Society for the Protection of Children. (Staff Photographer)



MISS Luba Alexander Skvorzov, daughter of Mr and Mrs A. V. Skvorzov, formerly of Hongkong, whose engagement has been announced to Mr Paul Huygelen of Malines, Belgium. Miss Skvorzov and her parents are in Scarsdale, New York, where the wedding will take place on April 7. She is with the United Nations Secretariat.



ELECTED this week to the Urban Council — from left: Mr Li Yiu-bor, Dr Woo Pak-foo, (Civic Association), Mr Philip Au, Dr Alison Ball, Dr Raymond Lee and Mr Chan Shui-sang (Reform Club). Left: Mr J. Aserappa, Returning Officer, announcing the official result after the vote-counting at 4 a.m. (Staff Photographer)



LADY GRANTHAM looking over exhibits after opening the exhibition centre of the second Festival of the Arts last Saturday. The Festival was ushered in by the Arts Festival Ball at the Peninsula Hotel, which attracted a large crowd. Below are two of the many excellent fancy dresses worn. (Staff Photographer)



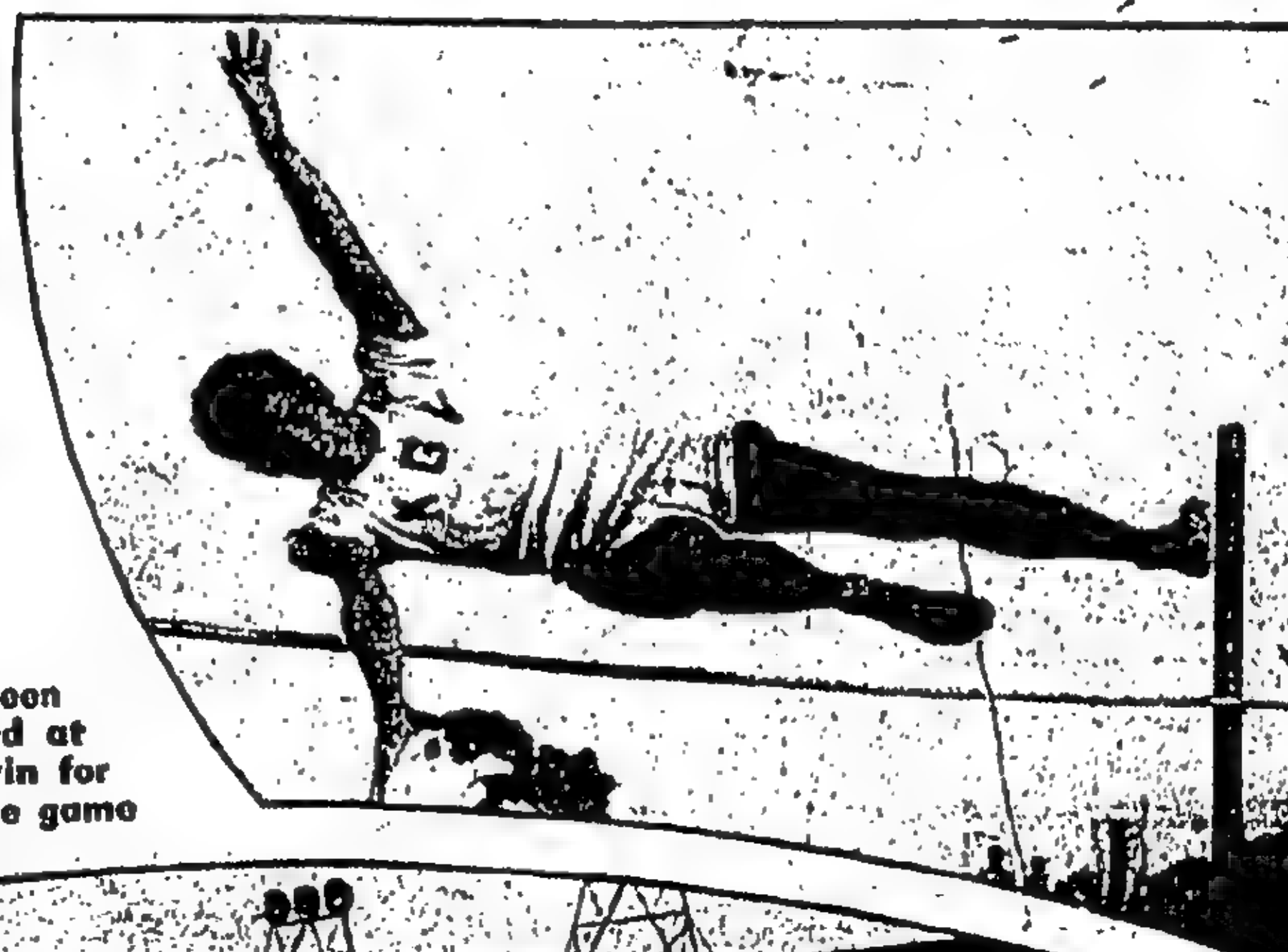
LEFT: Alumni of the Anglo-Chinese School of Singapore and Malaya who gathered at the Chong San Club here for dinner to mark Founders' Day. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Wedding at the Registry on Wednesday of Mr Maurice Andre Gonsburger and Miss Evelyn April Sell. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Before the laying of the foundation stone of the Salvation Army's new Vocational and Youth Community Centre at Chuk Yuen, there were prayers said and hymns sung. The stone was laid by Mr D. Benson, third from right. (Staff Photographer)



A. SILVA, winner of the senior boys high jump event at the King George V School sports, gives a good example of the western roll as he clears the bar. (Staff Photographer)

BELOW: The annual soccer match between Norwegian and Danish residents, played at Caroline Hill last Sunday, resulted a win for the Danes. Players snapped before the game as they exchanged gifts. (Staff Photographer)



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MACKINTOSH'S

POCKET CARTOON
by OSBERT LANCASTER

"If I told the Foreign Office once I told them twenty times—never trust kings who've been to Harrow!"

PARADE

A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT
PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

COLD WAR The thumpity-thump of drums has stopped and there is no dancing. The chill of a Buganda cold war against Freddie's sweltering banana-land.

Time was—before the British Governor, Sir Andrew Cohen, gave the king the heave-ho in 1953—when he threw fashionable sundowners in his palace on Mengo Hill.

Europeans sought invitations to drink Scotch and sodas. The conversation was as cosmopolitan as in London or New York.

These days are past. It seems a very different Freddie, returned four months ago from a tax-free £8,000-a-year exile in a flat in Eaton Square.

He is aloof and haughty. And his subjects? Cold and strenuously anti-foreigner—and-European and Indian.

And this is the sort of thing that is happening:—

THEY forced an African landlord to evict a European who had a Buganda girl friend.

THEY ostracise and even beat up Buganda girls who associate or dance with Indians or whites.

Why has Freddie started a deep freeze where his Queen Damall used to hum as Latin rhythms throbbed through the palace?

Uganda is set for independence by 1961. But that may not be soon enough for Freddie.

COST OF A PRESIDENT What does it cost to elect a President of the United States? About \$50 million, say the experts. And they figure it costs about \$500,000 to elect a Senator with a fight on his hands.

These are interesting figures, because, according to the Corrupt Practices Act 1925 and later amending legislation no national party organisation is supposed to spend more than \$3,000,000 in any one year, and Senators are not supposed to exceed \$25,000 on their election campaigns.

Of course, there are ways around the law. A presidential candidate's backing invariably includes several hundred organisations, and the law refers to the amount of money which may be spent by any one organisation.

So, despite the astronomical sums involved, no one ever breaks the law. Now the Senate is to investigate the whole question. If they recommend a law with teeth in it—like British election laws, for instance—it could change the whole pattern of electioneering and make a severe dent in the American way of life.

But don't expect them to do it. Most of the Senators are perfectly happy now, thank you.

DISCUS THROWER A famous Greek statue, the Discus Thrower by Myron, has become a source of embarrassment for Italian President Giovanni Gronchi. President Gronchi, now in America on an official visit, took a bronze copy of the Discus Thrower as a gift for President Eisenhower.

In the meantime, the German press revealed the curious story attached to this copy.

In 1938, German school-children collected £40,000 and bought the marble original of the statue from Rome Museum. After the war, Italy demanded the restitution of art treasures looted by the German troops, and the American occupation authorities sent the Discus Thrower back to Italy.

The Germans protested heatedly, pointing out that the statue had not been looted but legally purchased before the war. To pacify them, Italy had a bronze copy made and offered it to Herr Adenauer. But the German Chancellor turned it down.

It is this copy, refused by Herr Adenauer, that President Eisenhower is going to get. In Rome political circles it was reported that President Gronchi did not know the little story of the Discus Thrower. Otherwise, he would not have chosen such a controversial gift.

STITCH IN A CHURCH London for re-unions visit the AD 1123 church of St Bartholomew the Great in West Smithfield. There are many other visitors too, and they all make crosses for their signatures before leaving. The crosses are helping to make a 24-foot long tapestry which it is hoped posterity will admire.

People from all over the world have left their mark on the tapestry but not a 'v' will be seen in the years to come. Mr Denis Howell, the verger, has the unenviable job of unpicking imperfect stitches because "we cannot have posterity saying we had forgotten how to use a needle."

NUTTY NEWS Well, it had to happen sometime. Every week in the US has been appropriated by someone or other. First it's National Book Week, then National Tinned Peas Week, National Woolly Teddy Bear Week, National Baking Suit Week.

Now in Birmingham, Alabama, Mayor James W. Morgan has proclaimed National Nothing Week. And a very good nothing to you, too, Mr Morgan!

HE MADE HISTORY
A BEST-SELLER

George Malcolm Thomson on BOOKS

ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By G. M. Trevelyan, Longmans. 30s. 758 pages.

HISTORY is in his blood. The great-nephew of Lord Macaulay who, a century ago, sold history to an immense public.

Trevelyan has done even better in that respect than his famous predecessor. He has been writing history for more than half a century.

Up to last month, which saw his eightieth birthday, more than a million copies of the historical writings of this remarkable scholar have been sold, on both sides of the Atlantic.

Foreign sales

These are sales in the English language. There have been commensurate sales in translations. And, 30 years after its first appearance his famous History of England appears handsomely illustrated.

On what has this astonishing publishing success been founded? George Macaulay Trevelyan combined an instinct for history with a shrewd sense of the history market.

As an undergraduate at Cambridge, he was told that history and Carlyle did not know what they were talking about. "Literary history" was a thing of no account. The great-nephew of Macaulay heard this judgment with indignant incredulity.

A 'science'

The public, which had been told that history was a "science," decided to leave it to the scientists. But the soul of history—he felt in his bones—lay in narrative—narrative infused with strong feelings.

"The events," he decided, "should be written and read with intellectual passion, as those by whom history was enacted were in their day passionate."

Son of Northumberland landed gentry, reared in the fervent radical tradition, Trevelyan went to Harrow, where he was a "truff" at games and a "sweet" at work.

☆ G. M. Trevelyan, O.M., 80, has sold more than a million copies of his historical writings. His secret? 'History should be written with passion.....'

He lacked tact and adaptability, as boys of strong character often do. In the General Election of 1922 he was the only boy at Harrow School who openly admitted that he was a Liberal.

A schoolmate asked him, with a sneer, whether he knew the name of the Derby favourite. "I did know, for it was a subject of general conversation, but I said I didn't because I resented the tone of the question."

In other words, he was something of a prig. It was a phase he grew out of.

Trevelyan became one of the most enthusiastic walkers in England. He tramped twice round the coasts of Devon and Cornwall following the white stones which make the coastguard track along the cliffs.

Luxury lover

He thought nothing of maintaining a steady four mile an hour all day and, at the end of it—"I draw from my pocket some small, well-thumbed volume, discoloured by many rains and rivers, so that some familiar immortal spirit may sit beside me at the board."

For, after his fashion, he is a lover of luxury. To him the most agreeable diversion in the world is to walk to some ancient battlefield and reconstruct the events of the historic day. His books have the breath of the open air as well as the smell of old documents.

He writes history as one who rejects false "science" and sham "detachment." The truth, he insists, is not grey, it is black and white in patches. "When a man begins with the pompous formula—'The verdict of history'—suspect him at once, for he is merely dressing up his own opinions in big words."

But if the "verdict of history" is not so easily summed up, history nevertheless makes sense to the patient student.

A battle like Blenheim, was, Trevelyan insists, worth fighting for and winning.

"To prevent Western Europe from sinking under a Czarism inspired by the Jesuits. To make the Sun King's system of despotism and religious persecution look so weak and silly beside English freedom that all the philosophers and wits of the new century would make mock of it"—these benefits were worth a battle.

Trevelyan has written history with a salty tang, history with

a bias. The tang springs from an appreciation of the human variety. The bias is founded on an honest philosophy—the philosophy of a patriotic English Whig.

Happy life

He has pursued through a long, second and happy life, the serious aim of giving his readers a stronger capacity for sound political thinking. It has brought this spare, myopic, crotchettarian with the private expression of the Master of Trinity, the Order of Merit, a vast public—and the wry conclusion that the follies of mankind are more obstinate than once they seemed to be.

History is not grey—but the black patches are more numerous than he used to think.

Are You Happy With Your Buses?

By NANCY SPAIN

ARE buses really so awful? Do they really rush past without stopping, brake suddenly to throw passengers on the floor, have insolent conductors, incompetent trades unions?

Georgia Harley, thirtyish ex-ambulance driver, certainly believes it, and with refreshing humour in **BUS STOP** (Harvill Press, 10s. 6d.), she has written a novel to prove it. Even though she does say the persons, organisations, incidents, and circumstances are "figments of her imagination."

Her hero is a gallant civil servant, maddened by a conductor who can't be bothered to come upstairs for his fares. The hero is called Mr Butter-meadow. Mr Butter-meadow writes to the Times, says he refuses to ride in buses until they are run in a "civilised way."

A fighting charlady (whose husband actually drives a bus) reads about this. So she and her friend, Mrs Sparks, decide to walk to work.

Soon the whole of London's commuting office workers are

out on strike with Mr Butter-meadow. Buses are boycotted. Typists set out walking briskly to work at 6 a.m., idyllic breakfast picnics are organised on Hampstead Heath. Everyone feels healthier.

Now Mr Butter-meadow's two dashing debutante nieces take their uncle to a night club, and Mr Butter-meadow gets mildly perturbed.

Along comes a crawling bus and picks him up. He is recognised, kidnapped, whirled away to be photographed.

Mr Butter-meadow's Government department even threatens him with the loss of his promised knighthood on retiring. But all is well. All ends happily. The villainous bus drivers are unmasked, and our buses once more become wonderful.

Do you think any of this might be true? I was so upset by Miss Harley's brilliant comic inventions that I went around interviewing people who travel on buses in the rush hour. And nine out of 10 agree with her. The buses are awful.

On top

YET whenever I want to read, undisturbed, I climb on to the top deck of a bus on a nice long route. Indeed, I do much of my reading on the tops of buses.

That is certainly where I read P. Hartley's **A FERTILE LOT** (W O M A N, Hamish Hamilton, 12s. 6d.), an uncomfortable book designed to put the general public off novelists for ever.

Alice, you see, is a novelist. He picks up a nice accountant called Harold in the train. Harold agrees to do Alice's income tax and his creative havoc in Harold's life. For Harold's wife falls in love with Alice (chiefly because he is a writer) and Alice tells Harold he really fancies the foreign barmaid at the local pub. Alice asks Harold to woo her for him, but the barmaid tells Harold that she can't stand Alice at any price. It is Harold she likes, "Lor."

But, in addition to liking Harold she also has a German friend, a farm labourer who is very passionate and jealous. Right.

The German farm labourer, a simple soul who cannot follow the subterranean workings of a novelist's mind, shoots the novelist and the barmaid, thus showing his jolly sense. He then gives himself up.

The curious thing is that this tale of passion is told with all L. P. Hartley's wit and polish. It is as though a kingfisher had suddenly darted across a dark and treacherous mill race; lovely and very disconcerting.

I'll blow trumpets

IT isn't often I find a modern poet whose work I can understand, let alone enjoy. So let me blow trumpets for **THE LOVE LETTERS OF PHYLLIS MCGINLEY** (Dent, 6s. 6d.), where I have found this: "Sticks and stones are hard on bones."

Aimed with angry art, Words can sting like anything. But silence breaks the heart. Mrs McGinley loves all the things I love: children, toys, cities, saints, dollar houses, June in the suburbs, dancing classes. And she writes of them with such an urban joy. When a thousand twentieth century poets obscurely tell me how spring comes to Gloucestershire, only Phyllis McGinley can say: "Ah! some love Paris And some Purdue. But love is an archer with a low I.Q. A bold, bad bowman, and innocent of pity. So I'm in love with New York City."

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Pocket Problems

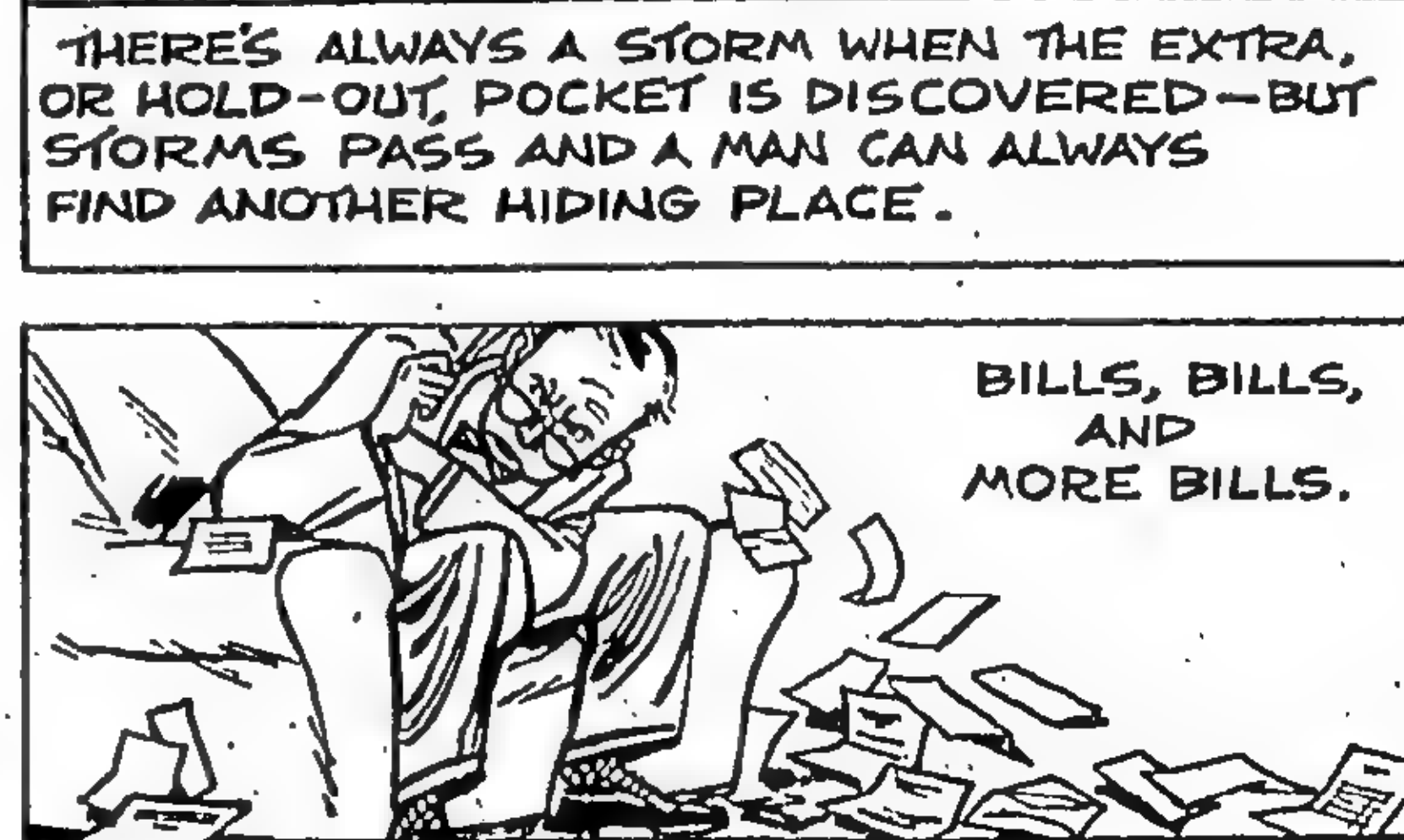
BY HARRY WEINERT



THE ANNUAL CLEAN-UP - DISCARDING THE OLD TICKET STUBS, UNDECIPHERABLE NOTES, CLIPPINGS, FORGOTTEN LETTERS AND UNLUCKY RAFFLE TICKETS.



READING FROM LEFT TO RIGHT - KEYS FOR THE CAR, GARAGE, FRONT DOOR, OFFICE, SUITCASE, TRUNK, AND SEVERAL WE CAN'T IDENTIFY.



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Selections sung by Gertrude Lawrence, Yul Brynner, Doretta Morrow, Larry Douglas.
With chorus and orchestra conducted by Frederick Duerck.
5.00 ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.
Eastern v. Kitcher.
Commentary from Hongkong.

Monday

7.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL AND OPENING MARCH.

7.00—Paso Doble—Aguilino and his Chordilla; Beer Barrel Polka—Gladys Mitchell; Orch.—The Merry Waltz—Wayne King and his Orch.
10.30 THE GOON SING.
Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan in "The Mystery of the Media Celeste."
Repeat of last Saturday's broadcast.

Association Football: There will be no local football commentary this afternoon, but at 5 p.m. tomorrow you can hear a commentary by John

E.L. Matthews Agnus Dei
 HANDEL: Return, O God
 that tellest good tidings,
 — Judd Macomber —
 Kathleen Ferrier (Contra)
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ages in D minor. — O thou
of Hosts — Samson —
Messiah — Father of Heaven
He was despised — Messiah.
) and Sir Adrian Boult con-
symphonie Orchestra.

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NEW AGE OF SOCCER

Give Star Men Higher Pay Plus A Transfer 'Cut'

Says SIR HERBERT MERRETT

(PRESIDENT OF CARDIFF CITY)

In the new Age of Soccer I can see one controlling authority for British football instead of divided responsibility between the Football League and the FA.

I suggested this idea to the Football Post-war Planning Committee, but it was received with such stony silence I felt I had made an awful "faux pas."

Here is the situation as I see it, with my suggestions for the future. There are too many "yes-men" in the Football League and too little imagination in the Football League. (The only visible imagination is by the Press, but I am afraid they imagine too many things which are not at all correct.)

DISASTROUS I deplore the tendency of poorer clubs in the Third Division to be run by the "yes-men" who cannot meet running costs. Such a policy would be disastrous, short-sighted, and would inevitably have repercussions on clubs in the higher divisions who get so many of their players from Division III.

I suggest the more fortunate clubs take an interest in their weaker brethren in a practical way—either financially or by the free transfer of promising boys. Cardiff have transferred good players to Third Division clubs like Torquay, Newport, and Exeter free of cost, and they have been allowed to transfer them to other clubs to their own benefit.

I expect that it would be more in keeping with the spirit of football and camaraderie to pursue this generous course.

I expect that it would be more in keeping with the spirit of football and camaraderie to pursue this generous course.

Sergeant-Major Sheridan

By HENRY LONGHURST

The committee of the Sunningdale Golf Club recently conferred upon a singular man a singular honour, unique so far as I know in the history of golf.

They summoned their caddy-master, Sheridan, and, handing him a club tie, elected him an honorary member. In thanking them he remarked, irreverently but, as all who have known him will testify, with perfect truth "Ah well, I've been making my own rules and regulations around here for 45 years now."

Sheridan started at Sunningdale as a young fellow in his twenties and grew rapidly into an "institution." He came from the neighbourhood of North Berwick and his accent, despite nearly half a century amid the sophistication of Ascot, continues uncompromisingly to proclaim the fact.

The number of people who have now waited in his little office, peering surreptitiously at the highly coloured and provocative picture postcards with which the walls are decorated, while Sheridan explains that there isn't a caddy and how anyone at that hour of the day could ever have expected that there would be, is a testament to his popularity. They included for many years the Duke of Windsor, then when he was, I am sure, still the honour done to him with greater acclaim.

WAR OF NERVES

Sheridan's assurance that no caddy is available has, for the 27 years I have known the club, been instant and automatic. Once this preliminary gambit is over, it becomes a war of nerves. Weaker brethren go off muttering, carrying their clubs or fixing up a truce.

The stronger-minded leave their clubs leaning against the office and without further comment retire to the clubhouse, peering out from time to time to note that they are still there, unattended and ignored.

As the crisis nears, only those with years of experience have the nerve to make the correct move, which is to march out of the clubhouse and, turning the head neither to the right nor to the left, to proceed through the little iron gate, passing within two feet of the clubs, and thence, without a single backward glance, to the first tee.

From here an occasional ap-

prehensive glance may go undetected but the master hand does not desert to it. He remains with his back to the office, facing nonchalantly up the first fairway. Meanwhile, in party in front have driven off and departed One's partner and opponents have all got caddies and one of them has actually won. Survive it—and you've won. All the same, as the Duke said, it was a damned close-run thing.

CROP OF STORIES As a "character," Sheridan has accumulated around him over the years a crop of stories, many unprintable, mostly apocryphal, which invite a suggestive comparison with an equally out-of-control Scot, the late Andrew Kilmilly.

One of the oldest golfing stories is of the nouveau riche who drive up to the club and inquire of the most influential member whether he is the caddy-master. "No," is the reply, "but I happen to know that he does not require any caddies today." It used to be told of "Pip" Jackson at Stoke Poges and "Aber" (J. F. Abercrombie) at Addington and doubtless many others. If it ever did happen, I am sure it was Sheridan.

Nevertheless, his bark is worse than his bite. No club has more teen-age caddies than Sunningdale and no one does more to help them start their golf than Sheridan.

The Sergeant-Major Britain of the caddy world, he first frightens the life out of them then presents them with an old set of clubs to start upon. He helps to set them up in permanent jobs and, when times are hard, as they were last week, he buttonholes the members on their behalf with "Comrades, I want a quit out of you!" It is a bold man who does not reach at once for his wallet.

Famous Sports Stars I Have Met

Keith Miller

By ARCHIE QUICK

In a week or two now the Australian cricketers will arrive in England, in the unusual role of challengers for the Ashes—the first time they have not come as holders for over twenty years. Ian Johnson will be their captain, but it is safe to prophecy that the limelight will be chiefly focussed on Miller, the handsome, mercurial Keith.

The New South Wales man may be a showman, flamboyant and needing the centre of the stage as much as any film star, but he is still the finest all-rounder in the world. The best since Walter Hammond. In a devastating spell of bowling he can turn a game, he is a quick, attractive style—or got out for a "duck" with no worry at all—and his fielding is as good as any of them.

The crowd love Miller, the same as they love his very good friend, Denis Compton, simply because he is so obviously enjoying his cricket. He is the one man in the world who has no thought for batting or bowling averages. And he loves horse-racing, too. He and foci alike swear that he is a turf meeting in the offing. "He gets runs or wickets so that he can finish a match and be off to the races," they say.

TEMPERAMENTAL

There is no doubt that he is temperamental, and there is no question about his ability. His figures speak for themselves. Born in Victoria, thirty-six years ago, he transferred his affections from Melbourne to Sydney a few years ago. He has scored over 2,000 runs in Test Matches and hit up three centuries against England. In addition he has taken over 100 wickets, and the "double" puts him among the immortals. And he has played in forty Tests.

After coming to Britain during the War with the Australian Air Force he appeared in their Services eleven. He first played against England at Brisbane in November 1940 against Hammond's team and started his big time career with an innings of 79, followed by two bowling efforts of seven and 69 in two for 17—nine wickets in 33 overs. And what wickets too—Hutton and Washbrook twice each, Edrich, Compton, Ikin, Gibb and Bedser. Later in the series, after a sequence of useful innings he got 141 not out at Adelaide and again took nine wickets in the Final Test.

His first official visit to England was in 1948 under Bradman, but he did not enjoy the good summer in the Tests—and I had more fun at the Olympic Games—at Wembley that year.

Five Hundred Points

Manchester United are the first League team since the War to total 500 points. Nearest rivals are Wolves with 463 in nine and a half seasons, and then come Arsenal (402), Portsmouth (440), Blackpool (443), Sunderland (415), Villa (408), Bolton (391), Charlton (390) and Chelsea (382). Yet Blackpool, Bolton, Villa, Sunderland and Charlton have not won the Championship, and Villa are in danger of relegation.

WEEK-END SOFTBALL

Ching Hsui Girls Featured In Two Tussles Against Colony Players

By "TIME OUT"

The Ching Hsui Girls' softball team, on a lightning tour here, will be featured in two thrilling tussles this week-end as they meet the Association's 'Old Crocks' and Officials this afternoon at 3.30 p.m. and at the same time tomorrow, they cross bats with our Combined Europeans.

Dominating all softball activities at the Park this week-end, even overshadowing the long-awaited second round of the International Series, this visiting squad from Taiwan will undoubtedly pack the stands with keen followers of the sport who had more than their money's worth last week when the visitors were first seen in action against our local belles, the Combined Chinese nine, whom they trounced 18-0.

With the red-hot International Series race slumped down to the final four this week, tension at the Park will be mounting on each pitch when the semifinalists meet in diamond showdown tomorrow. In the morning fracas, China, second seeded, tangle with the United States while the afternoon starter will see Pakistan pitted against the favourites, Portugal.

The only current League game featured on this thrill-packed card is the second round clash between the youthful Capanda girls and the Nam Wah lasses. Having conceded a walkover to their opponents on their previous meeting, the Nam Wah girls will be "spare" no quarters when they meet in tomorrow's curtain-raiser at 9.30 a.m. to keep their pennant hopes alive.

MAIN ATTRACTION

To the hundreds of fans that eagerly awaited their arrival since the Chinese New Year holidays, the visiting Ching Hsui Girls' softball nine will once again be the main attraction at the park this week as the visitors are featured in a double-header. This afternoon, in a tussle slated more for laughs than thrills, they will be meeting the Association's Oldtimers in what is expected to be a thriller-spiller with the Old Crocks providing the spills. The main game, however, will be tomorrow when they lock horns with the remaining cream of our female talent, the Combined Europeans.

Back in action again after long lay-offs, our veterans of yesteryears will have a hard time solving the lightning pitches of Taiwan hurler Lin Feng-sung whose brilliant pitching last week brought them a well-earned 13-0 victory over the Combined Chinese. Fred Diest, formerly of PI Dodge fame, now mentor of the Junior Champion Dodgers, will probably get the nod for the pitching assignment with old ballhawk Hal Winglee on the receiving end.

Braves' pilot Ed 'Chief' Carvalho will probably be posted at the initial sack while Secretary Art Ozorio takes the keystone. The hot spot at the windy alley will be in the 'still-serviceable' mitt of Bill Silva and Mark Kwong or C.C. Liang will take third. For the coveted posts in the outfield, the Oldtimers have their selection from Doc Moithey, retired Commissioner, and still a keen follower of the sport; Bob Low, manager of the South China squads; H.S. Hamet, leader of the senior "B" Comets and part-time player; Willie Woo, Committee member of the Hongkong Softball Association; Bill Cheng and C.C. Lee also oldtimers and keen supporters of this sport.

It should be remembered that in their previous outing against a visiting girls' team from Taiwan, the Yu Shan lasses, the heavy hitting of the oldtimers

helped them secure an early lead and only towards the final innings of play when 'Father Time' started to tell on them, did they succumb under a five-hit onslaught to yield eight disastrous runs to lose 11-0.

NEVER IN TROUBLE

Judging from their display last week, it is without a doubt that pitcher-captain Lin Feng-sung is the backbone of the Taiwan outfit. Securing full control on the run of the game from start to finish, she was never in trouble and assisted in fifteen put-outs (count 'em!). Battery-mate Shea Man-eh-an dished up an excellent brand of ball in the hind-sneaking department last week with her effortless whips across the diamond.

Other stars that shone last week were third-sacker Lee Chia who played errorless ball and rightfielder Lee Mei-lin who made a brilliant running-catch of a near hit. Holding top honours for their side in the batting department last Sunday were Hsu A-hua with a three-inning attempt and Yu Mei-nel with two timely bingles.

The tail end of their double-header against the Combined Europeans will undoubtedly be the main attraction when they clash at 3.30 p.m. tomorrow. For the local side mentor Ed Carvalho has in his formidable line-up veterans in Fatsy MacDonald, Irene Starkey, Nana Carvalho and Alda Oliveira all recently reinstated in the Wahoo squad. Battery for this main game will probably be Evelyn Alonco on the slab and steady Myra Almeida backstopping.

The infield quartet will be sparked by the return of the one and only Irene Starkey, a solid fixture in that department while the spots at the bases will find Alda Oliveira at first, 'Dinga' Ozorio at the keystone and Bobby Lee at the hot corner.

The outer line of defence will prove quite a headache as pitcher Carvalho has no less than seven-

teen players to choose from, among whom there are Patsy MacDonald, Helen Moxon, Alex Mendonca, Diana Pires, Angela Aquino, Nana Carvalho, Tracy Brown and Maureen Djeng.

MAIDEN VICTORY?


With the best team chosen from these representatives, the Combined Europeans have every chance of beating the visitors and thus acquiring for Hong-kong the maiden victory over a touring girls' side. This will definitely be the 'battle of the century' as our Non-Chinese girls match slugging power against the defensive skill of their noted opponents.

The Men's International Series semi-final round, after being rained out during the Chinese New Year holidays, once again is slated for decision as China meet the USA nine at 11.00 a.m. tomorrow followed by the Portugal vs Pakistan clash at 2.00 p.m. Barring upsets, China and Portugal should emerge victorious to meet in the Finals during Easter.

At 2.00 p.m. this afternoon, the junior set continue their hard drive for the Inter-School League as La Salle College take on the KGV scholars.

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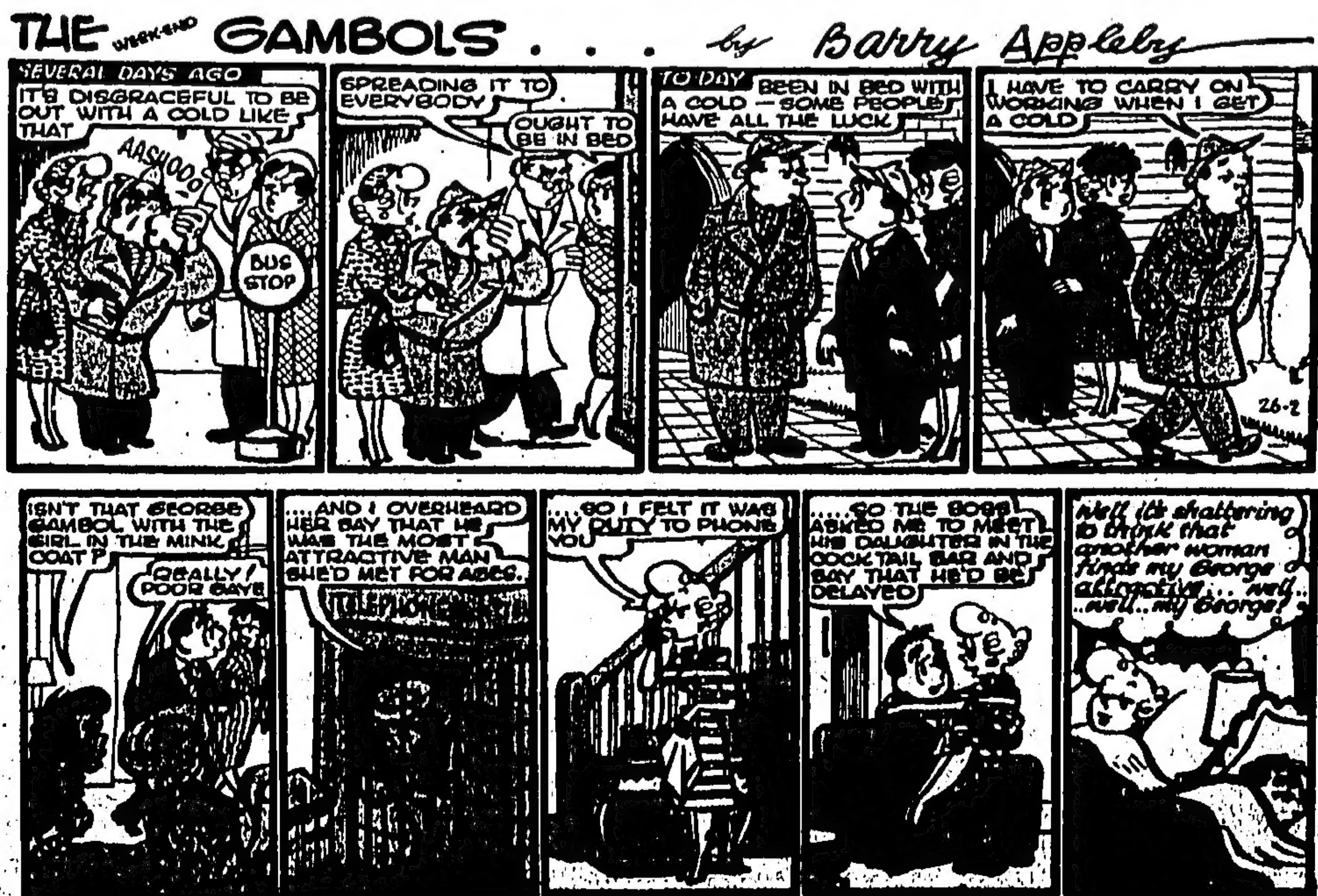
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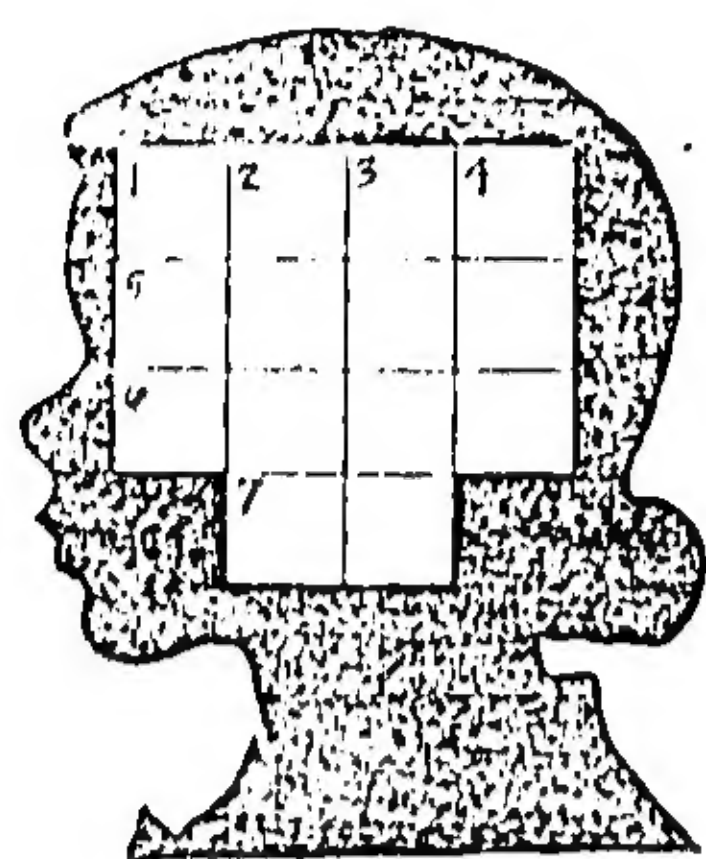
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FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

CROSSWORD

The Puzzlemaster has put some girls in today's crossword which lies on the silhouette of a girl's head.



ACROSS

1. A girl's name (4)
2. A girl's name (4)
3. A girl's name (4)
4. A girl's name (4)
5. A girl's name (4)
6. A girl's name (4)
7. A girl's name (4)
8. A girl's name (4)
9. A girl's name (4)
10. A girl's name (4)

DOWN

1. A girl's name (4)
2. A girl's name (4)
3. A girl's name (4)
4. A girl's name (4)
5. A girl's name (4)
6. A girl's name (4)
7. A girl's name (4)
8. A girl's name (4)
9. A girl's name (4)
10. A girl's name (4)

DIAMOND

1. A girl's name (4)
2. A girl's name (4)
3. A girl's name (4)
4. A girl's name (4)
5. A girl's name (4)
6. A girl's name (4)
7. A girl's name (4)
8. A girl's name (4)
9. A girl's name (4)
10. A girl's name (4)

HIDDEN GIRLS

You'll find a girl's name hidden in each of these sentences. Can you pick them out?
I dare not fall.
Louis, eat your supper.
After you help wash the pans, you may go out to play.

BACKWARD GLANCE

If you have any trouble finding out the following sentence, try reading it backward.
rehtom reh dda rellA htiw creuts eht of new ynaM

GIRL REBUS

The Puzzlemaster has put a girl's name in a rebus. Can you find it?
The rebus is a picture of a girl's head with a girl's name written inside.



(Solutions on Page 20)

HUSKS HAVE MANY USES FOR INDIANS



TODAY'S western Indian never throws away a corn-husk or a corn-cob. If he follows the ancient customs of his people, all parts of useful objects can be made from them.

Following an old recipe, he can construct a lotion from the crushed corn-cobs. This is excellent for healing a cut or a bruise. Then it can be wrapped in a clean, dry corn-husk bandage.

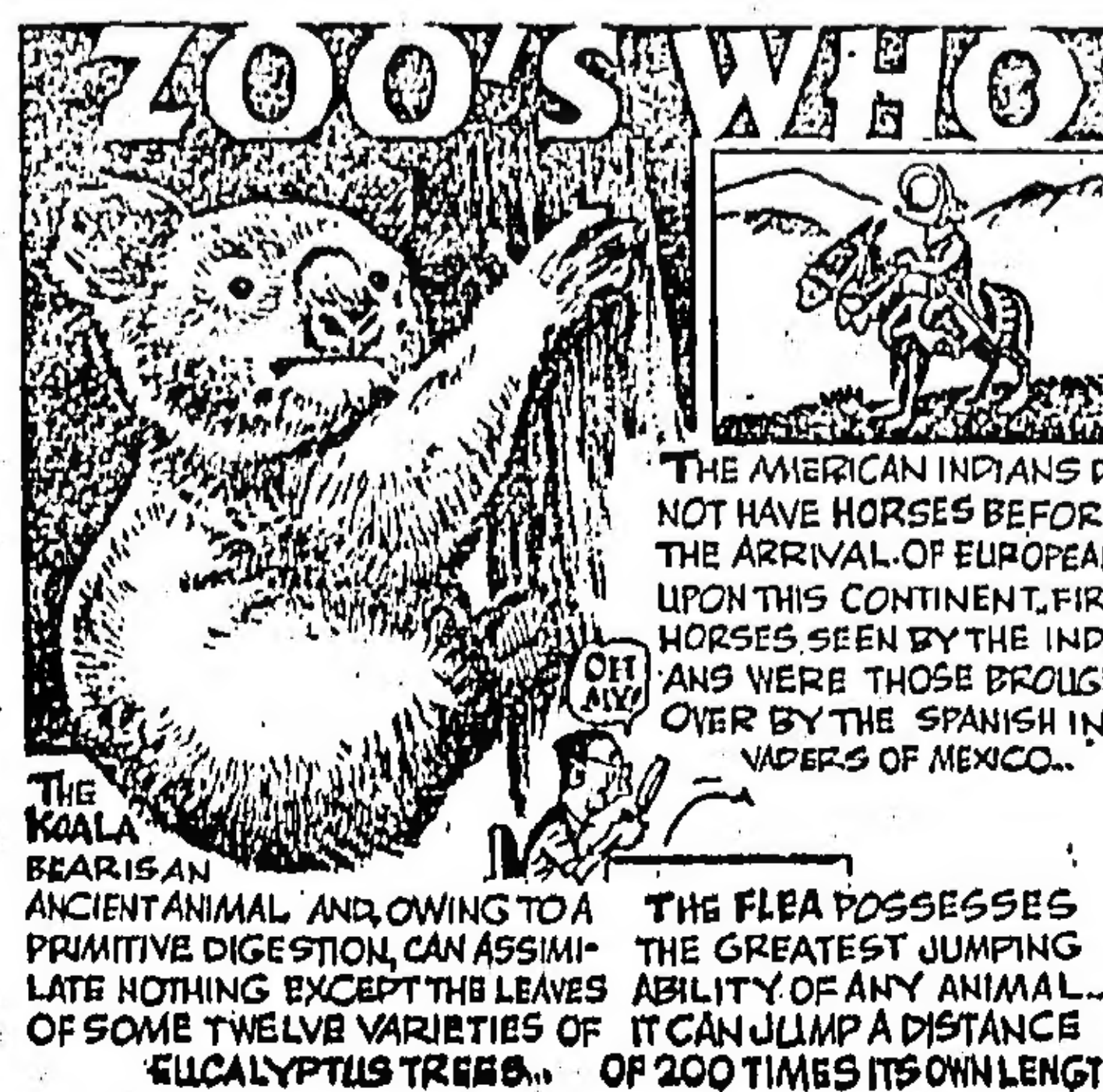
Before the white man introduced matches in the west, single corn-husks were twisted into thin lamp-lighters which were carried a short distance from one fire to light another. These were also used as kindling to nurse the spark from a fire drill into flame.

Women also braided them, in order to construct clotheslines.

They also use the husks for making baskets, which are hung over houses, sleeping platforms, and cradles. They are woven out of husks for summer wear. Mats for sleeping on are made from braided husks. Doormats are constructed in the same fashion.

Old men still smoke pipe bowls from corn-cobs. They're excellent for hand brushes and back scratchers too. Women use them for scrubbing, and when they're well dried, they are burned to make the fires for smoking fish, meat and hides. They are also utilised in the firing of clay pots.

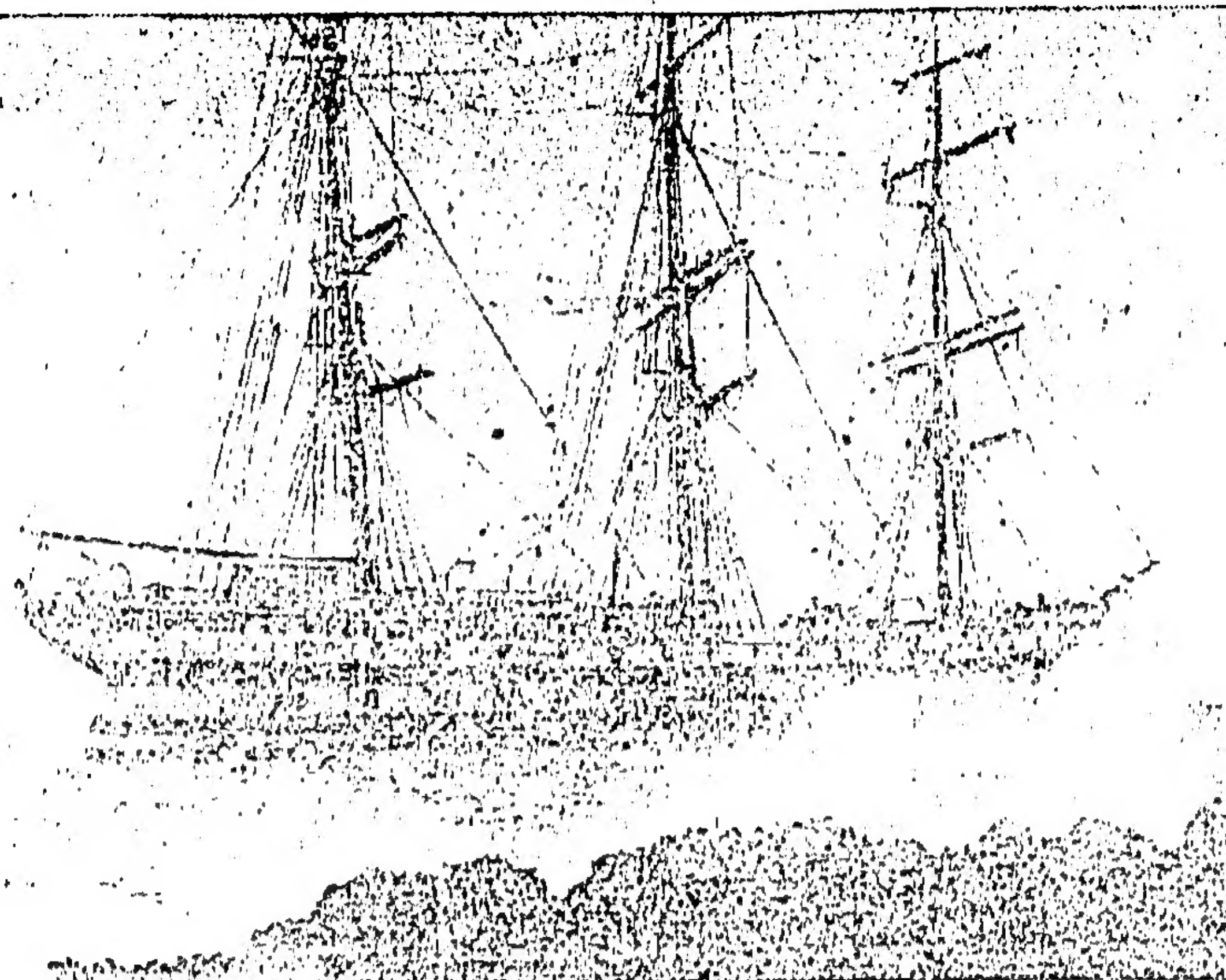
Many mothers also like to have a few husks of corn handy in order to construct a quickie doll for a sleepy child. By twisting and folding the strands into a head, body, arms and legs. But such a little dolly never has a face. If it did, according to an old superstition, it just might turn into a real live person.



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MANY AN ANCIENT SAILING SHIP BROKE UP ON HATTERAS.



Modern Scientific Inventions Have Brought Many Changes To Cape Hatteras Which Used To Be

The Graveyard Of Ships

Off the coast of Cape Hatteras, North Carolina, lie the remains of 2,500 ships, victims of a constant battle of the warm Gulf Stream with cold North Atlantic Current. The area is sometimes called "Hurricane Junction."

Cape Hatteras, 17 miles long but very narrow.

The old lighthouse at the cap, which warned many ships in earlier days that there were approaching dangers, is now preserved as a national monument. The danger of the shipwrecks has been taken over by a higher, more modern one—some distance away, and ships are also warned of danger by a light-ship which is anchored about eight miles off the coast.

MEANS OF LIVELIHOOD

Until the Coast Guard assumed guardianship of this region, almost every storm brought a wrecked ship.

Salvage was the principal means of earning a living for the residents of the island. In fact, the houses, churches, and business buildings are built from the timbers from wrecked ships and the furniture in

many of them came from the cabins of the ships. Even the people who live on the island are descendants of men who were crew or passengers of the wrecked ships.

Nowadays the Coast Guard keeps a careful watch over the ships that do come to an end here. The cargo is brought off the vessels under their supervision, and auctioned to the highest bidder.

Many of the ships that come to the head of a horse, and the horses, down the beach, are not thought of as a wrecked ship, but as a "shipwreck" in a safe channel. Following the light, the pilot would turn the ship toward the shore where it would be destroyed on the shoals.

NAG'S HEAD

Because of this pirate-like practice, one of the villages on Hatteras Island is called Nag's Head.

Now, fortunately, with the help of radio and radar, and the modern navigators can be warned of danger and danger is averted. Ships are not wrecked here and a new era of peace has begun on the island.

That history includes many things you have read about—the Wright brothers' flight at Kitty Hawk, which is on Hatteras Island, the wreck of the "Monitor" after her duel with the "Merrimack," and the activities of Blackbeard, the Pirate.

METEORITES, NATURE'S SPACE TRAVELLERS

A METEORITE is a small, solid mass that has wandered among the stars for perhaps millions of years and finally landed upon our earth. It is called a meteor before it lands, while its light emblazons the sky.

There are three kinds of meteorites; the nickel-iron, the stony, and the stony-iron.

A meteorite falls to earth because it contacts the earth's atmosphere and gravity draws it earthward. The friction of travelling at terrific speed through our atmosphere causes its fiery appearance. If and when it strikes the earth, most of its heat is dissipated.

SHOOTING STARS

Newly fallen meteorites are black on the outside although they may be greyish inside. Old, weathered ones are usually rusted.

A million small meteorites hit our atmosphere hourly and are consumed by friction. These are the shooting stars we see. Few reach the earth.

There is evidence that a few prehistoric meteorites once scarred the earth. One in recent times did considerable damage in Siberia. And in 1954 a small one came through the roof of a house in the United States and hit a woman. But the chance of a meteorite hitting a house or person is only one in millions.

"Meteorite Crater" (see picture) in Arizona was made by a nickel-iron meteorite that ex-



ploded there around 20,000 to 40,000 years ago. The crater is about a mile wide, its bottom covers 40 acres. The ridge around it is about 200 feet high and a half mile wide.

It is believed that when the meteorite exploded, it vaporized and metallic droplets scattered over the ground. Millions of these hardened droplets have been found over an area of 100,000 acres around the crater.

Each meteorite has its own individual pattern. These patterns are called Widmanstätten figures, and can be seen when the meteorite is treated with acid. When a meteorite explodes, each fragment can be identified by its pattern as belonging to that meteorite fall.

In the Arizona meteorite fall and a small one in Russia, low-grade diamonds have been found. These are of no commercial value, however.

UNUSUAL MINERALS

Traces of platinum, copper, chromium and cobalt have been found in the Arizona meteorite fragments; and two minerals not found elsewhere on earth—schreibersite and cohenite. Arizona's crater was first studied extensively by Dr. D. M. Barringer and it is sometimes called the Barringer Crater.

In 1923 Dr. H. H. Nininger (pronounced N-in-ger) took up the work and later established the Arizona Meteorite Museum.

Bustling Miniature Cities Lie Underground

"NATURE is most marvellous in the smallness of her creatures," a great Swedish scientist tells us.

This certainly seems true, for the life story of the tiny ant seems like a fairy tale. After a lifetime study of the ant many scientists have found it difficult to believe that the insect cannot reason, so great is its wisdom.

There are more than 3,000 species of these little insects in the whole world. The most commonly seen are the black and the red ants. They have a very slender waist, six legs, and two long slender antennae. These antennae wave back and forth as the ants move.

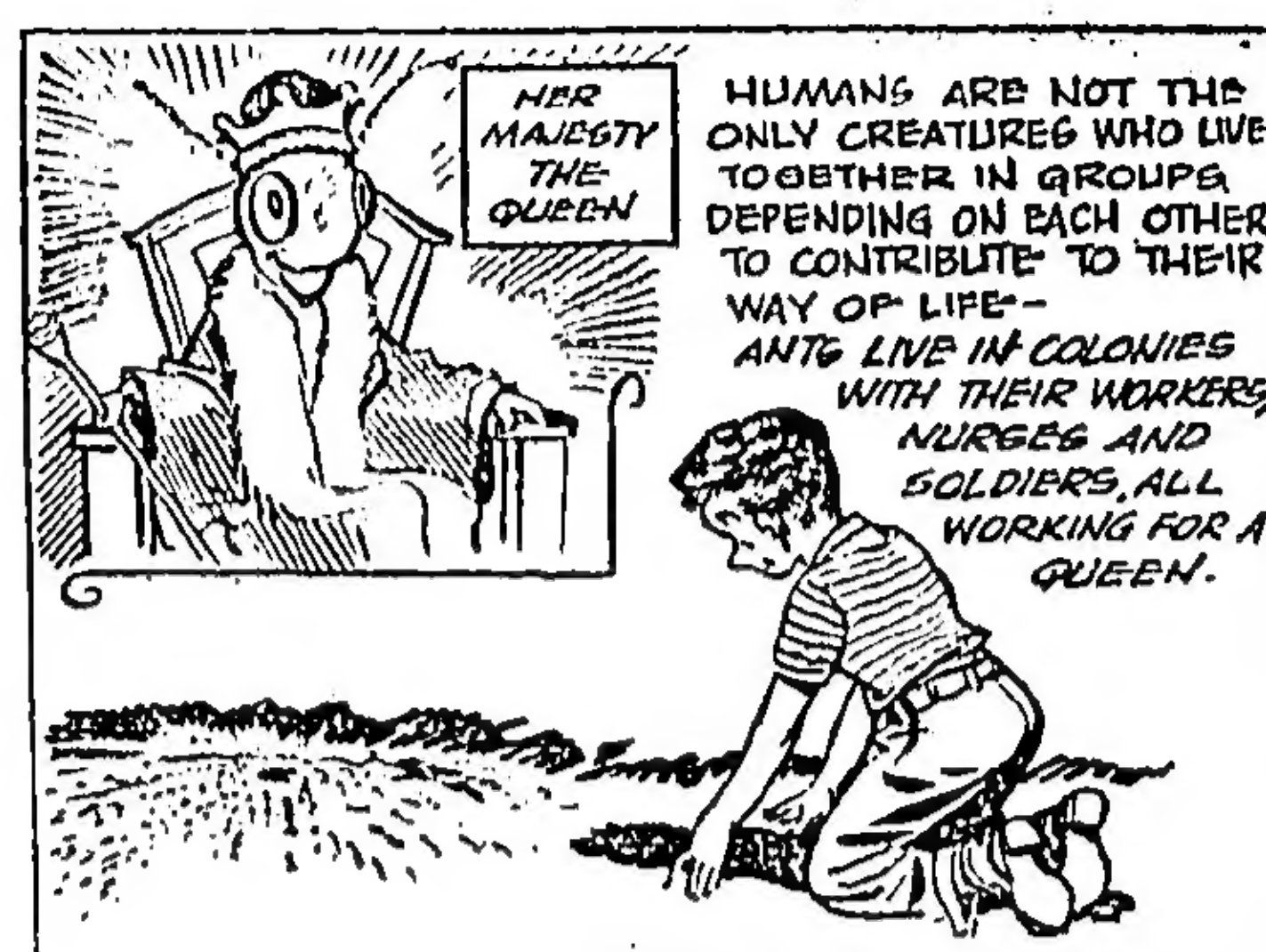
All ants live together as a colony, sometimes hundreds of thousands in a colony.

These colonies are organized very much like nations. They have queens, wingless workers, and nurses, winged males and females. In some of the colonies the workers are divided into two groups, the large workers, and the soldiers. The duty of the soldiers being, of course, home defence.

Ant colonies all begin the same way. A female leaves her home community at swarming time and lays her eggs. These eggs hatch into maggots.

The mother ant feeds the youngsters from her body until they spin their cocoons. After several weeks they come out in these cocoons and become the first workers ants of the new colony. They take care of the queen so that all her time can be spent laying eggs.

Since this first family has not been very well fed it is smaller in size than the later broods who have many workers to feed and



care for them. The nurse workers carry the tiny larvae and cocoons out into the warm sun and then carry them back underground as the sun sinks lower—before they have a chance to get cool.

At last, after mothering a large family of workers the queen lays the eggs which will hatch into males and females with wings. This family is very carefully guarded, fed, and tended by workers until it is ready for the marriage flight.

In places where there are many ant communities the air may be filled with the females starting off on this flight.

Not all of them find it possible to fly off and make new communities for the workers try to capture them as they are leaving and drag them back to keep the home community populated. When the female is captured she picks off her wings and stays in the underground home

the rest of her life which can be as long as 17 years. As for the males with wings, they have no hope of a long life under any circumstances. With most species the sexes meet in the air and mating takes place there.

The young queens set about establishing new colonies alone. The busy workers have no use for the males, so they are not allowed to come back into the home colony after their first flight. They soon become a meal for a bird or spider, or meet death in some other way. In some ant communities the old members are killed by the workers just as soon as they become too feeble to do their share of the work. For the law of the Ant Hill is "Work or die!" and it is inexorable!

The Mysterious Caller

Everyone Knew Him, Although He Didn't Have a Name—

By MAX TRELL

TEDDY, the Stuffed Bear, heard the secret telephone behind the bookcase ringing. He waddled over to it as fast as his plumpness let him, for he was much too round to be able to run. It was still very early in the morning. He picked up the phone.

"Shush!" he said, speaking into the phone without knowing yet who was at the other end. "Everybody's asleep!" Then he suddenly reminded himself and added: "Oh, who is this?"

A Gruff Voice

A big, gruff voice answered: "Hi, Teddy, my good fellow. This is an old friend of yours. 'An old friend?' said Teddy, very puzzled.

"Don't tell me you don't recognise my voice," said the stranger on the telephone. "I was here all last winter. You sat on my shoulders many a time."

"Who's your name?" said Teddy.

"Well, well, well," said the voice on the telephone. "I don't feel very good about your forgetting me, Teddy. But I can't tell you my name. I haven't got one."

Teddy said: "What do you look like?"

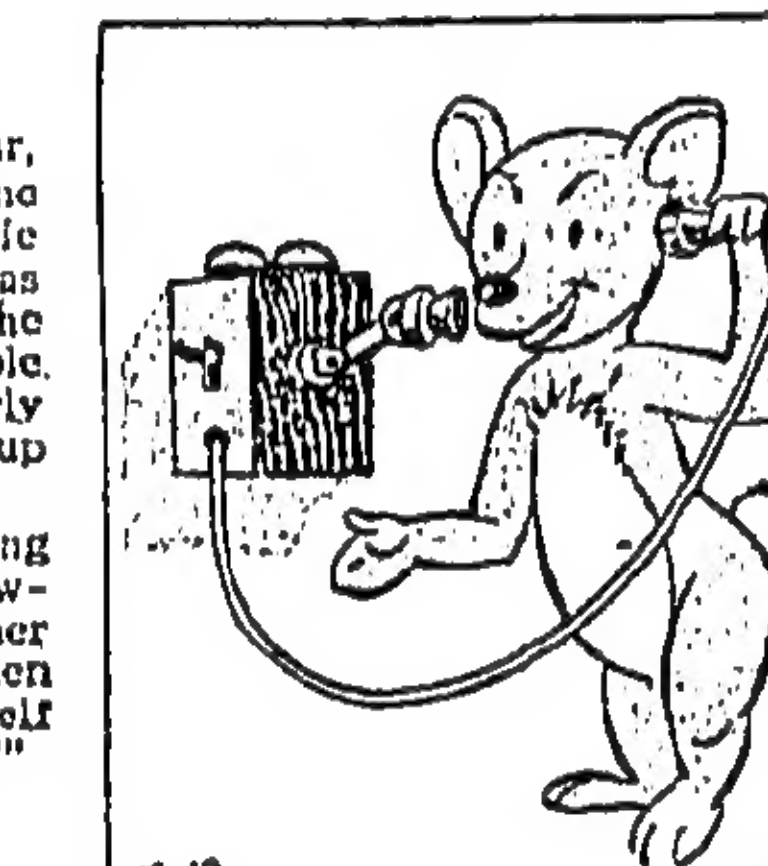
Corn-cob Pipe

"I'm big," said the man on the telephone. "I've got a round head. I smoke a corn-cob pipe. I wear an old slouch hat. My eyes are two pine cones. The buttons of my coat are pine-poles. Well, do you know me now?"

Teddy tried as hard as he could. He couldn't remember who the man was. "Just a minute, please," he said. "I'll be right back."

Teddy put the telephone receiver on a book and waddled back from behind the bookcase. He looked around the room. Everyone was still asleep.

There were Knarf and Hand, the shadows with the turned-about names, curled up in a



standing very still.

The only one who seemed to be awake was General Tin, the Tin Soldier. He was leaning on his musket next to the door. He stood very still. He might have been asleep standing up.

Teddy waddled over to him at once.

"There's someone on the telephone," he said to General Tin. "Is it for me?" asked General Tin.

"I don't know who it is," said Teddy. "He hasn't got a name. Would you go to the telephone and find out?"

"Certainly," said General Tin. "But if he has a name, what good will it do?"

However, General Tin went to the telephone. "Hello there," he said.

"Hi, General Tin," said the voice. "I bet you don't know who I am, either!"

For just one moment, General Tin frowned, then slowly a smile began forming on his face.

Familiar Voice

"Sir," said General Tin to the man at the other end of the phone, "your voice is very familiar. It gets more familiar every minute. Just tell me this, are you made of snow?"

The voice at the other end of the phone roared with laughter. "You guessed it!" he finally said to General Tin. "Just tell the others that I'm on my way here. I've been waiting for the weather to turn cold. I'll be around the first thing tomorrow morning. Be sure to look for me."

By this time, everyone was awake. General Tin hung up and faced them all.

"Who was it, General Tin?" Teddy asked. "Who is coming the first thing tomorrow morning?"

And General Tin answered: "The Snow Man."

Rupert and the Gold Acorn—28



While the earl listens gravely the boy testily explains his first. "The 'Yoke', our Boylston," he murmurs. "When I was first captured, I threw it secretly into the dark hollow of a tree. My enemy saw it not. But, alas, on my return it was

gone. What shall I do?" Nay do not give up hope, comes the deep voice of the earl. "Let us search that hollow more thoroughly. As they move away Rupert gives a start. 'A hollow tree? No, no! Could that be any more? The darkness still there' answered

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CHINA MAIL

Page 20

SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1956.

STARTS INSTANTLY
NEVER MISSES
SHEAFFER'S
CLICKER
MEDIUM & FINE
BALLPOINTS AVAILABLE

JOHN CLARKE'S CASEBOOK

Self-Employed

THE troubles in Cyprus are fully reflected from time to time in those London streets, or tenements, or other segments of the city that Cypriots have made largely their own.

Greek Cypriot and Turkish set about each other, the men with their fists, the women with their tongues, as tempers, lost over trifles, flare, complaints are made to magistrates, summonses, cross-summonses, are demanded. Patiently, the courts set about soothing ruffled dignity, and restoring harmony. The other day, a Cyprian incident of a different order took place.

EARLY START

A YOUNG man named Achille was working at his job of painter-decorator in the flat of a fellow-countryman.

Achille is a lean, handsome youth, whose working life started in a Cyprus soap factory—when he left school at the age of 12.

He came to London in 1954, and recently, at the age of 19, gave up a £9 a week job to become his own master. Achille could not afford to pay himself anything like the wage his former employer had.

10s. LEFT

HIS profit at the end of his second week in business on his own, was £4. The rent of the furnished flat where he lived with his wife, was £3 10s. And his wife was expecting a baby. Money worries chased each other round Achille's brain as he worked on his compatriot's home. Debts were mounting, his wife was fretting, both he and she were hungry, and cold. Wearily, Achille shifted aside a bed in the room he was painting. Under the bed he found a bag. He opened it, inside were 14 £1 notes and two savings certificates. Quickly Achille pocketed them. Then he stopped work and left the house.

INVITATION ACCEPTED

HE did not return to his job on the next morning, a Saturday, but on the Monday he did. He was met in the flat by the police. "You taken any money from this room?" the police asked. "Of course not," Achille said, smoothing down the new, royal-blue duftie coat he was wearing. "Not got anything at home that doesn't belong to you?" "Course not. You can come and look if you like." "We will," said the police. Achille's jaw dropped. "Let's go now," said the police.

ROYAL BLUE COAT

"I've not brought you any money home, have I?" Achille demanded of his wife, when the party reached his home. "Why, yes, of course you have," his wife, in innocence, replied. "On Friday, how can you have forgotten—and you, wearing the coat we bought together, with some of the money..." At the Clerkenwell court, Achille pleaded guilty to the theft. "Ten pounds of the stolen money has been returned," a policeman said to the magistrate, Mr. E. G. Robey, when the story had been told. "I think this man and his wife have been living in very straitened circumstances..." "Well, as you're a man of good character, and in view of your age, I shall not send you to prison," said the magistrate to Achille. "I'm going to fine you £5, and you must pay £5 compensation under supervision to the man you stole from."

"Yes, sir," Achille said, and he left, pulling the blue duftie coat about him. For as long as he wore it, he would remember how dear it had cost; his wife would remember, too.

DARTWORDS SOLUTION

1. ADRIAN Wall. Will Wild Oats. Oars Roars. Bellows. Blows. Willows. Wind. Hales. Cane. Cabin. Log. Lap. Curtail. Curtain. Iron. Iron. Iron. Praise. Loud. Land. Lubber. Lubber. Whale. Shale. Share. Plough. Furrow. Whirl. Tin. Wink. Wine. Wane. Wand. Baton. Baron. Aaron. Rod. Rod. Free. Nancy. Nanny. Goat. Goat. Great. DANK.

Arab Defence Plan Submitted To Hussein SYRIAN PREMIER REPORTS TO HEADS OF STATE

Cairo, Mar. 9. The Syrian Prime Minister, Said el Ghazzi, returned here from Amman tonight and immediately reported to the Egyptian, Syrian and Saudi Arabian heads of state on his flying mission to King Hussein of Jordan.

Arab diplomatic circles said the three leaders may meet King Hussein in Amman next week.

Wales Should Beat Ireland At Rugby

Dublin, Mar. 9. If current form and recent history provide any criterion, Wales should beat Ireland here tomorrow and carry off Rugby Union's blue riband award, the mythical triple crown.

Wales have already defeated England and Scotland, whereas Ireland's record this season consists of two heavy reverses against France and England and a narrow win over a depleted Scottish team.

Ireland, moreover, have achieved little against Wales since their championship-winning days just after the last war. A 3-3 draw at Cardiff is the only break in a sequence of Welsh victories dating back to 1949.

HOME GROUND

Ireland, however, cannot be taken lightly, especially on their own ground. The remodelled team is probably the strongest they have fielded this season. The return of Robin Thompson, who captained the British Lions in South Africa, and two other experienced men Brady and Paddy O'Donoghue to the pack and the presence of such players as Jackie Kyle, Tony O'Reilly and Cecil Pridemore, illustrate the task confronting Cliff Morgan and his colleagues. —China Mail Special.

SABOTEURS IN FIGHT

Buenos Aires, Mar. 9. Fighting between saboteurs and the guard defending a military paint factory at Kilometer 14 on the Urquiza railroad, left several wounded on both sides. A sentry spotted a group of men preparing traps and petrol near the plant. When he shouted at them to halt, they opened fire. The guard was summoned and firing between the saboteurs and soldiers lasted several minutes. No official information has been issued. —United Press.

Rediffusion

H.K.T. The Adventures of the Scarlet Pimpernel: 12 Noon, Tune Time: 12.30 p.m., Music by Roth; 1. Pipes of Melody: 1.15, News, Weather Report and Special Announcements: 1.30, Mantovani Memories: 2. Hospital Requests presented by Hilary: 3. Wayne King Serenade: 2.30, Secrecy of Scotland Yard: 4. In the Morgue: 4.30, Birthdays: 4.45, Parade: 5.00, Birthdays: 5.15, Mailbag: 5.30, Unit Requests by Linda: 5.45, Time Sign and The News: 7.00, Weather Report and Announcements: 7.15, Carroll Gibbons on the Air: 7.30, Duke Box Parade: Presented by Nick Kendall: 8.00, Rediffusion's Jazz Club: 8.30, Rediffusion's Voice of Sport—News and Views of the Colony's Sports and Sportmen: 9. The Shiraz: 9.15, Pimpernel: 9.30, Birthdays: 9.45, Birthdays: 10.00, Famous Court Dramas—The Case of the Dangerous Lady: 10.30, London Town: 11.00, Date for Dancing: 11.40, Rugby Union Football: Ireland v. Wales, Commentaries on the 2nd half of the International Match at Lansdowne Road, Dublin: 12.20 a.m., "God Save The Queen": Close Down.

WES SANTEE'S INJUNCTION UPHELD

New York, Mar. 9. A judge of the New York State Supreme Court today upheld the injunction granted to Wes Santee, the miler, against the suspension ordered by the Amateur Athletic Union. It was announced that Santee, a Marine officer, would compete in tomorrow's indoor athletic meeting in Milwaukee. The order continued a temporary injunction won by Santee last week against the Amateur Athletic Union's life-time suspension of his amateur status for allegedly accepting excessive expense money. —Reuter.

London Stocks Generally Higher

London, Mar. 9. Stocks were generally higher on the London Exchange today in quiet trading. Oils were strongest among sections in the rise.

British Government stocks moved in a narrow range throughout the session and closed mostly unchanged. War Loan 3½ per cent were £½ at one point. Oils met good demand, although profit-taking pared their gains around noon.

STRONG FINISH. Then a strong finish was witnessed. Royal Dutch up £1½, while Shell Transport and British Petroleum also managed improvements of one shilling or more.

Dollar stocks were featured by a sharp rise of nickel and other metal stocks.

In foreign bonds, German 1920s slid about £1. But other Germans and most Japanese issues held unchanged. Gold, copper and rubber shares were generally steady in quiet trading. —United Press.

JAP RED CROSS DELEGATION RETURNS

Tokyo, Mar. 9. A Japanese Red Cross delegation returned to Tokyo by plane today after successful repatriation talks in Pyongyang, North Korea, where the delegation signed an agreement for the release of 36 Japanese detainees. On its way home the delegation visited a Chinese prison camp housing Japanese war criminals. —Reuter.

CAIRO TENNIS

Cairo, Mar. 9. The British pair, Roger Becker and Miss Angela Morcom, defeated Orlando Skroia (Italy) and Mme B. Abbas (France) 6-1, 6-3 in the semi-finals of the mixed doubles of the Egyptian international tennis championships here today. —France-Press.

'Britons Sceptical About Co-Existence'

Bombay, Mar. 9. Mr Malcolm MacDonald, British High Commissioner to India, said here today that Britons were "sceptical" about the universal observance of the five principles of peaceful co-existence.

Britain accepted the principles as the right code to govern international relations. He told the Indian Merchants' Chamber, but she was not sure some other peoples were convinced about them.

Military Clauses

The five principles are: Mutual respect for territorial integrity and sovereignty, non-aggression, non-interference in internal affairs, equality and mutual benefit, and peaceful co-existence.

Mr MacDonald said that the military clauses of defence pacts were only a fraction of their policy and not the whole of it as some people seemed to believe.

The positive side of the pacts were the economic and social development programmes which were the most effective way of ensuring security. —Reuter.

Pakistan Make Bad Start In Final Test

Karachi, March 9. Pakistan, already winners of the unofficial test series against MCC by virtue of two wins and a draw in earlier matches, made a bad start to the fourth and final Test here today, and took the whole 5½ hours' playing time to score 157 for six wickets.

Donald Carr, the MCC captain, caused some surprise on this hottest day of the tour, by choosing to field after winning the toss.

Carr's gamble looked like paying a good dividend when Pakistan lost half their wickets for 87. But once again Wazir Mohammad stepped into the breach and was not out 61 when stumps were drawn. Imtiaz Ahmad hit 44 but, those two men apart, the Pakistan score, when remembering that bowling and fielding in the heat was a trying business, was a poor commentary on a side already assured of the rubber.

Missed Inspiration. They seemed to miss the inspiration of Hafeez Kardar, their captain who, because of a strained arm and a cold, was unable to play.

Later Tony Lock claimed his 77th and 78th victims of the tour in one over—Imtiaz Ahmad was one of them—before Wazir Mohammad and Shuja-ud-Din promised a recovery with a sixth-wicket stand of 40. This was broken when Richardson made a brilliant running catch to dismiss Shuja-ud-Din.

Mohammad Munaf played defensively while Wazir scored well for the seventh wicket stand to reach 30 unbroken by the time stumps were drawn.

Scoreboard

PAKISTAN

1st Innings

Hanif Mohammad, c Close, b Watkins	0
Allim-ud-Din, b Watkins	11
Waqar Hussain, c Sweetman, b Lock	22
Imtiaz Ahmad, b Lock	44
Wazir Mohammad, not out	61
Wazir Mohammad, b Lock	22
Shuja-ud-Din, c Richardson, b Close	12
Mohammad Munaf, not out	4
Extras	2
Total (six wickets)	157

Fall of wickets: 1/1 2/16 3/22 4/51 5/51 6/127

5/57 6/127

Bowling to date:

	O	M	R	W
Moss	23	0	35	0
Watkins	10	1	30	2
Lock	22	18	43	0
Tinnus	12	8	33	0
Close	9	7	8	1

German territory for certain compensation.

The communique adds that discussions on a Dutch-German cultural agreement had already begun.—Reuter.

BOYS AND GIRLS PAGE SOLUTIONS

CROSSWORD:

MOON ROCKETS BY 1960

London, Mar. 9. A Moscow Observatory lecturer has said rockets from the earth guided by radio might reach the moon as early as 1960, the Moscow radio broadcast yesterday. The broadcast said men would follow "as soon as the moon has been explored by means of apparatus" and Mars and Venus would be on the exploration list by 1970. —United Press.

Dutch-German Outstanding Problems

The Hague, Mar. 9. Negotiations to solve several outstanding problems including an air agreement between West Germany and Holland are to begin shortly according to a joint communique issued here today.

The communique, published after talks between Dr Heinrich von Brentano and Mr Johan Beyen, West German and Dutch Foreign Ministers respectively, said negotiations would open in the near future on two other questions. These were:

1. German claims to land sold to Dutch farmers along the Dutch-German border after the war.
2. The revival of a 1920 treaty to allow Dutch coalmines to work seams running under German territory for certain compensation.

The communique adds that discussions on a Dutch-German cultural agreement had already begun. —Reuter.

BOYS AND GIRLS PAGE SOLUTIONS

CROSSWORD:



DIAMOND: C MAT ANOL TOP L
HIDDEN GIRLS: (1) dare; Louis, elat; pans; you.
BACKWARD GLANCE: Mary went to the store with Alice and her mother.
GIRL REDUS: Caroline; Panay; Rose; Mabel.



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NOTICE TO CONSIGNEES

m.s. "CHANGHIA" arrd. 8th March, 1956
Damaged cargo ex this vessel will be surveyed by Messrs. Godard & Douglas at Hong Kong & Kowloon Wharf Godown at 10 a.m. on Monday, 13th March and Tuesday, 14th March, 1956, and consignees representatives are requested to be present during survey.
BUTTERFIELD & SWIRE, Agents, Australian-Overland Line Ltd., The China Navigation Co. Ltd.

CHURCH NOTICE

ST. PETER'S CHURCH The Mission to Seamen, 40 Gloucester Road, 8.00 a.m. Holy Communion, 1.00 p.m. Evening Service, (Other services arranged at any time by request.)

THE HONGKONG AND SHANGHAI BANKING CORPORATION

announce the opening of their NORTH POINT OFFICE, 410 King's Road, on Monday, 12th March 1956.
Current Accounts may be opened now on application to the Queen's Road office.
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